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NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. L. S. B.

O, silent, holy night! when stars
Like angels smile in heaven;
When through the moonlight's broken bars
The fleecy clouds are driven;
O, blessed night! the soul all free
From glaring light of day,
Communes in holy thought with thee
And casts her cares away.

O, peaceful, patient, dark-browed night,
In gloom's soft veil arrayed,
Broidered with star-gems that so bright
Glint through the airy shade!
We bless thee, Nature's gipsey queen,
For thy sweet soothing power;
We love thy shadow and thy sheen—
The mystic midnight hour.

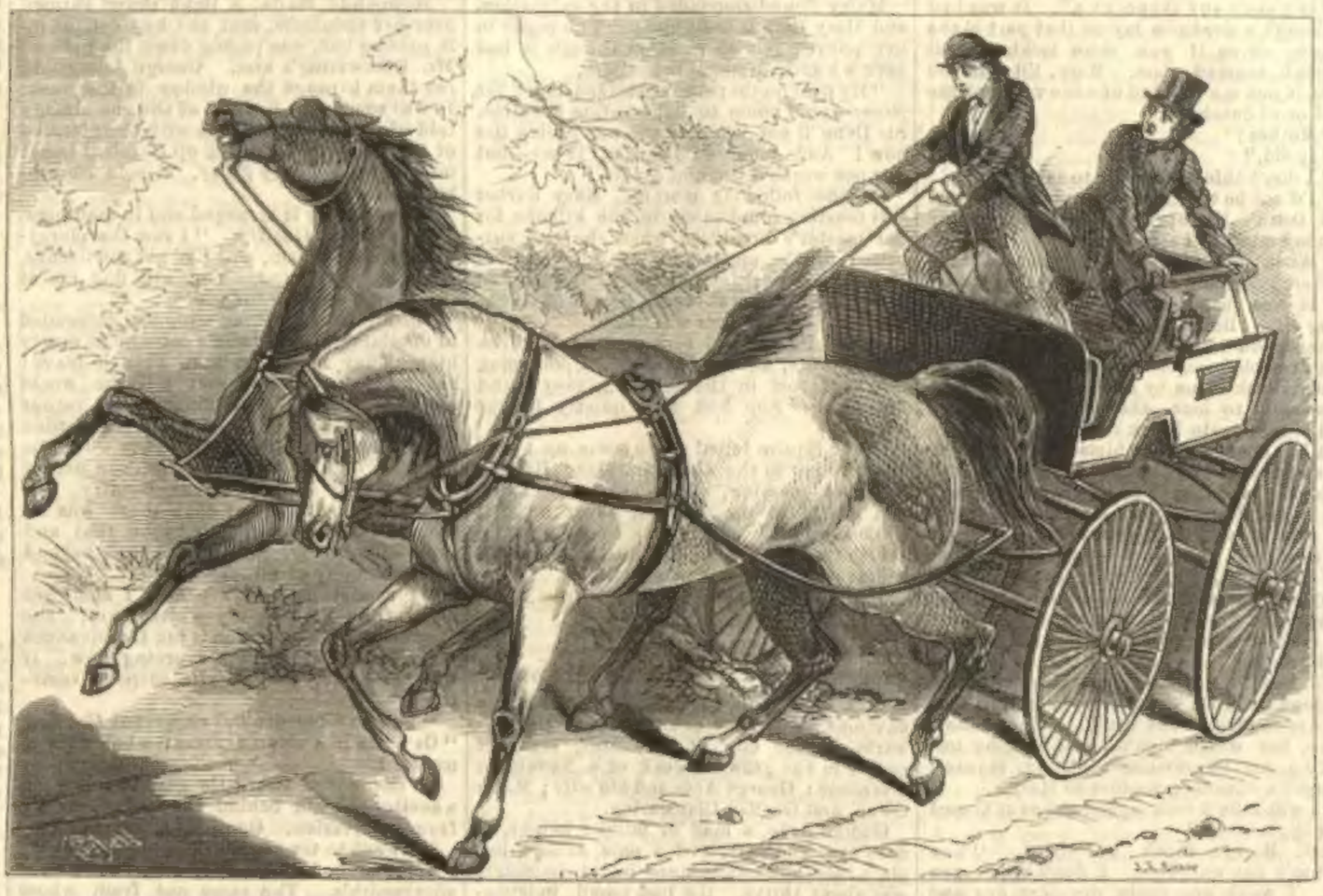
DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]



THE MYSTERIOUS SHADOW IN THE HOLLOW.

CHAPTER III.

SIR DENE HEEDS NOT THE CRY OF THE WIDOW.

As dismal and shadowy a place at night, Harebell Lane, as you would care to enter. On the right, lying back, stood a very moderate-sized dwelling, with its fold-yard, ricks, and barns. This was Harebell Farm; in the occupancy of Robert Owen. The lane wound on, getting narrower and darker. Its banks were tolerably high; its over-hanging trees shut out the daylight. But soon it widened considerably; in one part forming on the right-hand a capacious curve, in which lay a rather deep pool, green with slime within and rushes without; and known as "Harebell Pond." A few yards onwards, the lane, narrowing again, took a sharp turn, and led direct to the inn of not too good reputation, called "The Trailing Indian."

But we must go back to Harebell Farm. The house was full of angles; the red-brick of which it was built, had become dark and dingy with age. A square patch of lawn and flower garden was before the door; beyond it stretched out the expanse of meadow and corn-fields; with the tips of the Malvern hills bounding the horizon in the distance.

It was a day or two after the one mentioned in the last chapter. In a homely room, partaking somewhat of the kitchen as well as of the parlor, sat Mrs. Owen after dinner; a delicate-looking woman of low voice and gentle manners. At the window sat Maria Owen—prettier without her bonnet even than with it. She wore a dress of light, checked green silk, its sleeves finished with a ruffle and a fall of lace just below the elbow. Her hair fell in glossy curls, her fresh, bright, dimpled face was something good to look upon.

Standing by the fire was a rather tall and somewhat hard-featured woman, with a strange look of perplexity on her sensible face. She wore the costume of the day, a print gown straight down to the ankles, white stockings, and tied shoes. This was Mary Barber: the faithful upper servant of the house—indeed there was but one maid kept besides—but regarded more as a friend than a servant. Her features were well-formed; her hair, worn in small curls on either side her face, beneath the cap-border, was of a bright-brown yet. What Mary Barber's age was could not be guessed from her appearance. At thirty years of age she had looked middle-aged; she looked it still; she would probably look it for thirty years to come. Perhaps she was now not much turned forty. Her mother was the old woman who lived in the cottage.

"I can't settle to anything, missis: and that's the plain truth," suddenly burst forth the woman, flinging up her hands. "It is a cruel, wicked thing, that my poor old mother should come to this when she's close upon her grave."

"It is very grievous to be turned out of one's home," remarked Mrs. Owen, a sad, far-off look in her lifted eyes.

"It's worse to have her word disputed: at least *I* think it so. Jonathan Drew told me to my face last night, missis, that mother must be in her dotage, to fancy that she had ever had the paper."

"But you told me Mr. Drew knew of her having the paper."

"Mother says he knew of it; she has always said he did. I wish Sir Dene Clanwaring had stayed where he was, afore he'd ever come here to trouble us."

"When once your mother's out—if she has to go out—I dare say she won't mind it, Mary," observed the young lady. "One home is as good as another"

"You don't understand it, Miss Maria. The young can't be expected to know how old people become attached to their homes, so that they seem like just a part of themselves and that it gets as hard to part with 'em as it is to part with a limb. I am sure of this," concluded Mary Barber emphatically—"that if mother is drove out, she'll go straight to the grave-yard."

Maria dropped her cambric in consternation. "Do you mean that it would—kill her?" she asked in a low tone.

"Just as certainly, Miss Maria, as that the Lord's looking down upon us to note the injustice. And He *will* note it—if it's done."

"Hush, Mary," interposed her mistress. "Let us hope for the best. She may be let stay in it yet."

"If it warn't for that bit of ironing, missis—and I know it ought to be done when to-morrow's Friday and cleaning-day—I'd ask you to spare me."

"What for?" questioned Mrs. Owen.

"To go to Sir Dene Clanwaring," said the woman in a decisive tone, and both her auditors looked up in amazement. "When I was at mother's last night I told her to have one good last hunt for the paper, and to send it me this morning if she could find it. It hasn't come; which is a pretty safe sign that it's not found. But perhaps if I go to Sir Dene and speak up for her to him, he may listen to us, and let her stay. The ironing—"

"I'll do the ironing for you, Mary," cried Miss Owen, starting up with sweet good nature. "I'll go and set about it now."

Mary Barber made ready for her errand; and came down stairs dressed in her best, surprising her mistress. A cinnamon-brown gown of soft cashmere, and gray twilled-silk shawl with its handsome border of bright colors. She had had the shawl for half her life, and it looked as good as new now.

Beechhurst Dene was an ancient red-brick mansion, roomy, old-fashioned, comfortable, and withal handsome both outside and in. It stood in the midst of its park, ornamental gardens immediately around it. Mary Barber had been there more than once, and knew it well. Avoiding the grand front entrance, she bore round to the familiar one used by the servants, and in fact often by the family themselves. The French windows of a parlor opened this way, and Mary saw Sir Dene sitting in it. Knocking at the open side door with her umbrella, she asked a footman if she could be allowed to see his master. The servant did not happen to know her. He told Sir Dene a lady was asking to see him: "leastways a respectable-looking woman, that might be a farmer's wife."

Sir Dene admitted her. But when she introduced herself as Mary Barber, and he found she was the widow Barber's daughter, come to bother him about the new cutting, he felt anything but pleased. Something had occurred that afternoon to vex Sir Dene: it had nothing to do with the matter in question; but it served to put him out of temper. However, he was civil enough to ask her to sit down, and did not refuse to hear her.

Mary Barber sat bolt upright on the extreme edge of the chair; her folded handkerchief and umbrella in her hand, Sir Dene listened to what she had to say, without once interrupting her.

"Do you think this paper, that you talk of, ever had any existence?" he asked then—and his tone bore a kind of suppressed scorn, which caused Mary Barber's hard cheeks to flush.

"I am sure it had, sir."

"Did you ever see it, Mrs. Barber?"

"No, sir, never," was the straightforward answer. "My mother did not show it to me. And I never heard that my sister saw it, either," she added in her honesty.

"Don't you think it a strange thing that your mother should not have kept more carefully a paper of the importance she appears to attach to this?"

"My opinion is, sir, she has kept it too carefully, and put it into some out-of-the-way place for safety, that she can't now remember," was Mary Barber's independent answer; the best of us are liable to forget fulness, especially when we grow old."

"I cannot say more than I have done," cried Sir Dene, impatiently. "Produce the paper, and its merits shall be examined. I am in ignorance as to what weight it carried or was intended to carry. Of course, if it conferred the right legally that you seem to fancy—which I think almost an impossibility—we must submit it to a lawyer, and take his opinion: but I strongly suspect it was not legally worth the paper it was written upon."

"I'm afraid you'll go on with this dreadful thing, sir," she said, her gray eyes fixed upon him.

"Dreadful thing! It will be a very good thing."

"Not for my mother. She has been a good woman, sir; but her cup of sorrow is brimfull."

"I should say she must be an obstinate one, Miss Barber. She would be as well in another cottage as this—and there are plenty to be had for the seeking."

"She cannot live long, sir," pleaded Mary Barber. "She——"

"As to that, she may live as long as I," was the interruption. "She is a tough, healthy, hearty woman, and may last for ten or fifteen, ay, for twenty years to come."

"She is in her seventy-sixth year, Sir Dene. Oh, sir, spare her. Don't turn her out to die. I'd make bold to ask, sir, how you would like to be turned out of a home where you'd lived all your days, when you shall be as old as she is. She was born in it; it was her father's before her; and she brought up her children in it, Hester and me. Sir, I know you are one of the high gentlefolks of the land, and it's not becoming of me to dare to speak to you in this free way. Heaven knows, I'd only do it for poor mother's sake."

"Has your mother any income of her own?"

"Not a penny, sir. She sacrificed all she had to pay father's debts. The sale of her milk and poultry meets her rent, perhaps a bit over; and she has 'tatoes and other garden stuff; and her pig—which makes bacon to last her the year. And for the rest, I help her to a bit o' tea and that, and Hester's family to other trifles. We shall never let her starve, sir, whatever betides."

"At her age she ought to be glad at the prospect of being relieved from the care of a cow and pig," remarked Sir Dene.

"It is her great pleasure to be active, sir: the back is generally fitted to the burden. Mother is hale and hearty yet."

"She is," pointedly acquiesced Sir Dene. "I have just said so, Miss Barber."

He looked at his watch. Mary Barber took the hint, and rose. Sir Dene politely opened the door for her.

She stood still, and curtsied to him. And then—as she was actually passing out—turned round, and clasped her gloved hands in a beseeching attitude, holding the great umbrella by one little finger.

"Oh, sir, I hope you'll please to think kindly of it! I could hardly pray harder to God than I'm praying for this boon to you. She has no one living to take her part but me, or to speak a word for her. Be merciful to her, sir, in this her old age, and let her be! She may not stand in your way long. God will be sure to reward you for it, Sir Dene! and she will pray for blessings on you every night and morning of the few poor years of her remaining life."

Hard, matter-of-fact Mary Barber had never spoken such words in her days; never perhaps been so near to be moved by emotion. After they came forth she stood a moment looking at him, expecting perhaps some hopeful answer. But none came. Sir Dene Clanwaring steeled alike his ear and his heart.

"I am sorry this should have occurred, Miss Barber. In entering upon a fresh estate, one has to look I suppose for disputes and vexations. If I gave in to this one, others would no doubt arise: therefore, I must make a stand in my own defence. Good-afternoon, ma'am."

Mary Barber, feeling that she had bitterly failed, went straight back to her mother's cottage. There, her bonnet and shawl taken off, her gown-skirt and sleeves turned up, and the biggest apron tied round her that the place afforded, she instituted a thorough search for the missing paper. And found it not.

But Sir Dene Clanwaring, even while he gave her the last decisive answer, said to himself in his heart of hearts that he would sleep upon it. As he did.

And a very heavy sleep it was. For he dropped off the instant he got into bed, and was woke up in the morning by the coming of his hot water. During the process of shaving, he decided that Mrs. Barber was what his bailiff, her distant relative, had called her—an obstinate, cantankerous, troublesome old woman, who must not be allowed to stand in the light of himself and her neighbors.

AND THAT THE ROAD SHOULD BE MADE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS SHADOW ON THE HOLLOW.

It was lovely autumn weather. The Beechhurst Dene woods were glowing with their rich tints in the October sunshine; the sky was blue and cloudless as in the sweetest day of summer.

Turning out at the lodge gates of Beechhurst Dene, was a kind of mail phaeton; a high yellow vehicle, all the fashion at the period. The horses were iron gray; fine, valuable animals; high steppers, but steady withal, and much liked by their owner, Sir Dene Clanwaring. Sir Dene sat in the carriage to-day by the side of his son Geoffry, who was driving. Sweeping out of the avenue right across the highway, Geoffry turned the horses' heads down a road that looked newly made.

Now, it was. Sir Dene Clanwaring had carried out his project—some deemed it his folly—and lost no time in completing what he had set his mind upon—a near way to the village of Hurst Leet. It was a fine, white, broad road; leading from Sir Dene's gates downwards, and winding round right into the middle of the hamlet. Hurst Leet was proud of it. Sir Dene was proud of it. It had cost Sir Dene more funds than he had believed possible; a costly toy, he was apt to whisper in the privacy of his own heart: but nevertheless he could afford it, and he said complacently that the convenience of the road would well repay its outlay.

All trace of the Widow Barber's cottage was gone. That estimable, but (in the opinion of Mr. Drew) "cantankerous old lady, had been forced out of her life-long home. There had been a scene at her departure. Lady-day—the period by which she was ordered to be gone—came and passed; and Mrs. Barber had neither removed herself nor her chattels. Another day's grace they gave her, together with a peremptory command: but the widow did not stir. She had lived in the old place for six-and-seventy years, she pleaded; she could not, in the nature of things, last much longer—oh if they would but let her stay in it for that short remaining time! Earnestly did she pray for this boon as though she had been praying for her life. Sir Dene was made acquainted with this contumacious behavior; and he, full of wrath, issued the edict for her ejection. Geoffry Clanwaring, ever good-hearted, alone put in a protest, asking his father to grant the poor distressed woman's prayer, seconding her plea that it could not be for long. But Sir Dene sharply told his son not to be foolish—the new road could not wait for *her* pleasure. So, on the following morning, sundry men presented themselves at the Widow Barber's, quietly but forcibly put her goods outside the door, and turned her cow and pig and chickens into the road. She had to follow them: and she went meekly forth, weeping and wringing her hands. Mary Barber got a couple of rooms, for her mother and the things to take refuge in; and the cow and pig and fowls were sold to the highest bidder on the spot. But the fact created a great deal of scandal in the neighborhood, and Sir Dene got some harsh blame. Sir Dene excused himself by saying that the extreme measure of ejecting her in that very summary manner belonged to his bailiff, Drew. But he could not get out of the fact that he had given the edict for her removal.

As if tormented with the fear that she might be coming back again, the men lost not a moment in commencing the work of destruction. Some bricks were out of the walls before the weeping woman was beyond view. A rumor went abroad of what was going on, and numbers of gazers came flocking up to watch. They stayed to see it, talking freely. The doors were off them, the windows out. The two chimneys could be no more seen. What with the work of dismantling, with the goods lying in a heap outside, with the let-loose cow and pig, and what with the increasing spectators, such a scene of excitement and confusion had not been witnessed by the rural population in their lives. It remained on their memories as an epoch of local history, to be talked of at convivial meetings and related by father to son: Sir Dene Clanwaring's turning out of the poor old Widow Barber, when she was nigh upon her eightieth year!

Hands were quick. On the following day the rubbish of bricks and mortar was ready to be carted away; and on the subsequent morning the new road was begun. Begun at both ends: the upper one opposite the gates of Beechhurst Dene; at the lower one at Hurst Leet. Sir Dene was all impatience for the way to be completed, and many hands made light work. Never a thought cast he to the grief of the unhappy woman who had been rudely thrust from her shell, and whose heart was breaking. Sir Dene was not by nature a hard or harsh man; but he had certainly acted both hardly and harshly in this case.

"*So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.*"

If ever there was a signal exemplification of the truthful teaching of one to whom God had given more than earthly wisdom, it surely existed in this instance.

And now, behold the beautiful road completed—smooth, compact, level as a bowling-green. See it this early morning as Sir Dene drives down it. The hill is at this end, commencing at the very onset; a long hill, but a gentle one: its descent not steep at all; not enough to cause good horses to slacken speed, either down or up. No more trace is to be seen of the widow's cottage, of its garden, pig-sty, cow-shed, than if they had never existed: *the new road runs right through the site.* As to the meadow where her cow was wont to graze, Sir Dene has ploughed it up; fencing it in from the road. On the other side, the pathway remains still; the high bank above it remains; and the extending branches of the towering, waving elm trees cast their shadows on the road in the sunlight, just as the same shadows had used to be cast on the cottage. A fine road: and just now the pride of Sir Dene Clanwaring's heart. It had not been Sir Dene's intention to bestow upon it any particular name; he did not think about it: but the workmen, when making it, began to speak of it familiarly amidst themselves as the hollow—probably because they had a portion of it to hollow out. This was caught up by Hurst Leet, and converted into Dene's Hollow. The appellation grew at length into "Dene Hollow." Dene Hollow it remained.

Away they bowled, Sir Dene and his son, Geoffry, an experienced driver, had the reins well in hand. The calm, bright, lovely autumn day was good to be out in.

"Who's that, Geoffry?" asked the baronet, as a tall woman, her face nearly hidden under its large quilted bonnet of faded green silk, passed on the path, and curtsied to Sir Dene.

"It is Mary Barber, sir." And Geoffry silently wondered that the woman upon whose mother had been committed that act of injustice, should continue to render active homage to Sir Dene. But manners in those days were widely different from what they are in these: the reverence for the great was an institution

"Oh, ay; servant at Farmer Owen's, I believe," remarked Sir Dene airily: for indeed

the episode of the ejection, together with Mary Barber's pleading visit, had well-nigh passed from his mind: at least, it had lost its sting of annoyance. "I didn't know her in that poke-bonnet. How is that daughter of Owens, Geoffry?—she who married old Arde's relative. Any better?—You go there sometimes, don't you?"

"To George Arde's?—Now and then, sir, when I am at Worcester. Mrs. Arde is ill still."

"Talking of Owen, he wants his barn—Take care, Geoff."

Without the slightest warning, without any apparent cause, the horses had started. Both of them. Started violently, as if in some great terror, and sprung right across the road with a bound. *It was just in the spot where the cottage had been.* Geoffry Clanwaring did all that practised driver could do; but it was as nothing. The frightened animals bounded on the bank and off again, upsetting the phaeton. There they stood, plunging and kicking.

Geoffry was on his legs in an instant; uninjured, save for a bruise on the right shoulder and elbow—which he did not feel until later. Some men, who happened to be passing on the upper road, by the gates of Beechhurst Dene, came running down. The traces were cut, one of the shivering horses fell, and lay still; the other they soothed to quietness.

This gave them time to look into the condition of Sir Dene. He had been pitched over Geoffry's head, and was of course much shaken. Moreover, he could not get up without assistance. There was some damage to one of his ankles. A severe sprain, they found; not a fracture.

"It might have been worse," remarked Sir Dene. "What in the world was it that frightened the horses, Geoffry?"

"*I* don't know, sir: I am lost in wondering," was Geoffry's puzzled answer. "There was nothing whatever to startle them."

"I am sure I saw nothing."

"There was nothing. Not a creature was near us, human or animal. How shall we get you home, sir?"

"Oh, I can manage to limp up, with your arm on one side, and somebody else's on the other," returned the baronet. "I hope the horses are all right. It might have been worse for all of us, Geoff, my boy."

"Indeed it might, father."

Yes it might have been worse. But nevertheless one of the horses, in plunging, had fatally injured himself, and he had to be shot. Sir Dene was in a fine way over that, and told Cole, the farrier, he would almost as soon have been shot himself. The affair created nearly as much stir and talk in Hurst Leet, as the turning out of the Widow Barber had done.

Two or three evenings subsequent to this, Mary Barber set off to see her mother—a small jug of buttered-ale in her hand, which Mrs. Owen had caused Mary to make. "Buttered-ale" was a cordial thought much of in those days, and often sent by the wealthy to the aged sick. Mrs. Barber had found refuge with John Pound and his wife, renting their two upper rooms—Pound being Squire Arde's wagoner.

Mary Barber put her best foot foremost; not only because it looked likely to rain, but that the buttered-ale should reach her mother while it was hot. The old lady was seated on the bit of carpet before the fire; her head leaning sideways on a chair.

"Why, mother, you be low in the world!" was Mary's salutation. "What be you down there for?"

Could it be that this poor shrunken creature was the once plump, healthy, well-conditioned woman who had lived in that disputed cottage? Was it possible that only a few months had made so great a change? Alas, yes. And the marvel was that she had lasted so long as this.

Literally she was no better than skin and bone. The face had lost its roundness, the cheeks their fresh tinge; the eyes were sunken, and dim with a sadness that might be seen and felt. Nothing had apparently ailed her to cause the change; her bodily health, save that the appetite had failed, had seemed not to suffer. But inward grief, when it is hopeless and excessive, induces decay more rapidly in the aged than sickness of body. Old Hester Barber's heart was broken.

"Did ye hear o' the accident to Sir Dene Clanwaring, mother?"

"Ay, I heerd on't. It was the Shadow," said the old woman, dropping her voice almost to a whisper. "I'd lay my life, Mary, 'twas the Shadow."

"The what?" cried Mary.

"The Shadow."

Mary Barber, who had really not caught the word at first, supposed that this must allude to the shadows cast on the road by the trees. To any one but her mother she would have met the assertion with unsparing ridicule.

"'Twas not likely to have been *that*, mother. Why, the trees be there always; and their shadows too, when the sun's behind 'em. Farm horses' feet feel just as much at home amid the shadows as they do amid the stones."

"I said the Shadow, Mary. Not the shadows o' the trees."

"What Shadow?"

"The one I saw on the road."

Mary Barber believed the old woman's mind was wandering. She stared for a minute without speaking.

"Eat your buttered-ale, mother."

Instead of that, Mrs. Barber stretched out her withered arm and put the basin down on the table at her elbow.

"There's a shadow on that road, child. The poor dumb animals saw it and were frightened at it. They see sometimes what man can't see. Maybe, it'll come now and again at will, to lie on the Hollow."

Mary Barber was sufficiently superstitious herself, and had seen at least one ghost, as her friends know; but she was wholly at fault in this. Instead of debating the point, she stared harder than before at the gray face.

"It's a shadow to frighten the best of horses, it is, an' they get to see it, Mary. It frightened me."

"Be you a wandering, mother?" demanded Mary Barber, in rather a hard tone.

"Me a wandering! What put that in your head, child?"

"Why, what else is it? A talking in this way about shadows."

"How long is it since this new road was opened?" rejoined Mrs. Barber—and certainly, in all save the subject, she seemed to be quite as rational as usual. "What do they call it—Hollow Dene?"

"Dene Hollow. It's more than three weeks now."

"Ay. Three weeks o' Tuesday last. John Pound, he comes up stairs the evening afore, Monday, that was, and said the workmen was a clearing off their tools, and the road 'ud be open to the parish on the morrow. When the morrow came, I thought I'd put on my old red cloak and go out and take a look at it. It was a fine, sunshiny, beautiful day, warm September weather. I got to the place, Mary; and I leaned my arms on the fence opposite the Dene gates, and looked at it. A fine smooth road it was, a'most fine enough to have broke an old woman's heart for. I didn't know the place again. Not a brick was there left o' the poor homestead; not as much as a stone to mark out where it had been. 'Twas all swep clean away, the walls, and the yellow jes'min that used to climb on 'em."

"It's said they've got that yellow jes'min rooted now at Beechhurst Dene," interrupted Mary Barber. "'Twas rare and flourishing always."

"But while my eyes looked this way and that," pursued Mrs. Barber, "a trying to tell whether the home had stood a inch nearer or further, they grew to see that there was a shadow lying on the road. An awful kind of shadow, Mary, just about in the spot where the house had stood. These eyes saw it, child. And they'd never seen anything like it afore."

"Was it the shape of the house?" questioned Mary—perhaps as much in mockery as earnestness.

"It wasn't any shape at all. It was just as though a *darkness* lay on that part o' the hollow, or as if you were looking at it through smoked glass. Mary, I'll tell you what it put me in mind of—the valley of the shadow of death."

"Mother!"

"It did."

"I don't think it's right to say that."

"I'd not be the one to say anything wrong. But truth's truth; and the thought came into my mind as I stood there."

"What was it like?" questioned Mary Barber, in a somewhat more reverent tone.

"It was just a shadow of darkness; nothing else. But there was nothing to throw it there, and it made me tremble all over. I've trembled since when I think of it. Randy Black came by at the moment, and I asked him to look—there has been a good deal o' talk again Black in the place, but the man has always shown himself civil to me. He stopped and put his two arms on the rail beside me, and looked on to where I pointed; but he could not see it. He couldn't see it. He said it was as fine and bright all down the new road, every inch of it, as it was that day elsewhere. But the Shadow was there, Mary, all the same. You couldn't tell where it begun or where it ended: just that bit o' the road—ten or twenty yards, maybe—lay in the dark."

To hear Mrs. Barber tell this, her tone subdued in awe, her dim eyes gazing into the fire as though she could see the shadow there, her whole manner and bearing imparting an impression solemnly earnest, brought a curious sensation to Mary.

"I will take a look myself the next time I pass by, mother."

Mrs. Barber shook her head. "You mightn't see anything. I don't think you will. I went out again the next day and couldn't see it. Brooding over it here since, it had come to me to think that perhaps no other human eye, save mine, ever will see it. Black couldn't. But the Shadow was there all the while he looked: never a doubt o' that."

"It has a curious sound to hear," was Mary Barber's answer.

"Ay. But it's true. I never was surer of anything in this world. Well, I'd a'most forgot it, Mary: I thought it was just a thing, unaccountable, that had come, and passed. But when John Pound brought news o' the upset in that same spot, saying it was quite a mystery what had startled the horses, for there was nobody a-nigh and nothing to cause it, it flashed over me that they must have seen the same Shadow that I saw—and I don't know how I felt, so struck and dumbfounded. It's to be hoped it'll never come there again. Sir Dene turned me out," added the old woman after a pause, "but I don't wish him ill. I'd do him any good if it lay in my power."

"Well, mother, *I* feel sore at him; I can tell you that."

"Ay, so did I at first. But the Lord has been good and shown me a bit of His light. When Heaven's opening to us, Mary, we are glad to forgive those that have injured us. I didn't think enough of these things till I came here—mercy, and charity to others—and my own sins and mistakes. I never might have thought of 'em. And so—and so perhaps it has all happened for the best. One must get one's heart broken, as mine's been, before one can be at full love and peace with all the world, friends and enemies."

Mary Barber did not quite know what to make of her mother. She had never seen her like this. All Mrs. Barber had been noted for since she lost her home, was shrinking, silent abstraction. She would answer questions put to her, but rarely spoke of her own accord.

"Shall I help you to get to bed, mother?"

"No. 'T isn't time."

"I must be going soon. Is there anything else I can do?"

"You may read just a few verses o' the Bible, if you like. My sight's got good for nothing."

More and more amazed, for Mary had never heard such a request from her mother on a week-day, she got up to reach the Bible—one that had been in use on Sundays as long as she could remember. But she suddenly discovered that she had not brought her spectacles with her—and upon looking for her mother's, could not find them. Mrs. Barber seemed disappointed.

"Oh well, never mind. It wouldn't have took you five minutes, Mary?"

"It's not the time, mother; it is that I can't see. Where's the large Bible—father's? I could see the print of that."

It was on the top shelf of the press by the bed, and Mary had to stand on a stool to get it down. A large Bible covered with green baize, that had been Thomas Barber's; one they never used.

She dusted it, sat down, and read the chapter asked for—the 14th of St. John. Mrs. Barber listened attentively.

"Ay, ay," she murmured when it was over, "many mansions *there*. There'll be no sorrow up there, child, and no frightening shadow."

"I wonder what's inside this cover?" cried Mary; who, in passing her hand abstractedly over the green baize, found that something lay between it and the book.

"There's nothing there."

"There is, mother. It feels like a thickish letter. May I look?"

Cutting the thread that confined the covering, she took it off; and found a piece of brown paper folded together, with two or three papers inside it. Had Mary Barber's pulses been given to flutter, they had certainly fluttered then—for a sure prevision, like an instinct, told her what was coming. Two of them were old receipts for rent: the other was the missing paper, given by Mr. Honeythorn.

"Here it is at last, mother!"

But the time had gone by for Mrs. Barber to be moved about anything in this world. She just looked round from the fire, but did not take the document in her hand.

"I remember now: I did put it there. I never thought of the Bible when we were looking for it. Every other place but that. You'll show it to Sir Dene, Mary, that he may see what I said was true."

"Yes, I'll show it to Sir Dene—and to others also," was the emphatic answer.

Mary Barber wished her mother good-night, again urging the buttered-ale upon her, and departed, the paper safely stowed away in her pocket. She stepped into Mrs. Pound's kitchen, to say a word.

"You'll give a look up to mother afore you go to bed, Matty Pound. She seems queer to-night."

"I'll be sure and go up," said Mrs. Pound.

"And if she should be worse in the morning, send little Jack to the farm to let me know, please. Our wash is not got up yet, and I can't possibly get out afore night—unless it's for something particular. Good-night, Matty."

Matty Pound responded to the salutation, and Mary Barber went home. The paper in her pocket felt as good as though it had been a hundred-pound note there.

"My poor mother always said she hoped the paper would come to light before she died. Sir Dene 'll see whether she was telling lies now! And Jonathan Drew, he'll see—but *he's* not worth a thought o' salt."

On the following morning, Mary Barber was toasting some bacon in the kitchen for her master's breakfast, when she was surprised by the appearance of John Pound. Not little Jack; John himself. He came to bring her ill news—which he got out awkwardly. Mrs. Barber was dead.

Matty Pound had seen her to bed the night before, all comfortable. Upon going into the room in the morning, they found her dead. She had died quietly in her sleep.

"The Squire telled me to come up t'ye," cried Pound to the dismayed Mary Barber. "He was passing, and heard what 'twas, and said, 'Go up at once, never mind t' work for a bit.' Matty says there baint no call to fret too much: she must ha' gone off wi'out pain, as quank as a lamb."

Yes. The broken heart was at rest.

CHAPTER V.

GEOFFRY CLANWARING AND MARIA OWEN.

In a small but pretty house within the environs of St. Peter's parish in the suburbs of the city of Worcester, sat four people in the growing dusk of a November afternoon: George Arde and his wife; Maria Owen, and Geoffry Clanwaring.

George Arde, a man of middle height, of dark eyes and hair, with a pale, honest, but plain face, somewhat stern in its character, was about thirty. He had small, independent means, derived from his hop-yards. When it was a good year for hops, George Arde was flourishing; when the hops failed, he had to look after his shillings as well as his pounds. Taking one year with another, his income averaged perhaps two hundred pounds. No great excess of means: and it may appear singular that Farmer Owen should have regretted his daughter's marriage to him, on the score that it exalted her above her station. George Arde, a willing captive to Mary Owen's beauty, would not hear of giving her up. As to the remote contingency that he might succeed to Squire Arde's wealth, none looked on it as a surer chimera than George himself. He and the Squire were not very nearly related; George had never received the smallest favor from him, never the slightest intimation that he might hope to inherit as much as a mourning ring: and he certainly did not look for it.

Mrs. Arde sat by the fire, a baby of some four months old sleeping in her arms. It was very precious to the mother, this little thing; and they had named it by her own name, Mary. Fragile, delicate, attenuated, but exquisitely beautiful, was Mrs. Arde. There seemed to be no strength in her, no life-blood. A flush would appear on her cheeks towards the close of the afternoon; but at other times her face was pale as alabaster: you might see the blue veins underneath the clear skin. George Arde feared the paleness less than he did the flush: for the latter looked suspiciously like hectic. There were moments when a horrible prevision came over him—that he should lose her: but he strove to drive it away, even from his own heart; and he never spoke of it. Maria Owen had been staying with her sister for several weeks now. Mr. and Mrs. Owen willingly spared her: they also had secret fears about Mary's health. But now that Mrs. Arde seemed to be getting somewhat stronger—again truth she did so seem—Maria was to go home: and it had been settled that her father should take her back with him when he came in to market on the following Saturday.

And that, Maria's sojourn in the house, accounted for the frequent presence in it of Geoffry Clanwaring. Hardly a day passed but upon some pretext or other Mr. Geoffry paid a visit to Worcester. Sir Dene, utterly unsuspicious, told him he was getting restlessly fond of riding. Just now Sir Dene who had recovered from the sprain to his ankle, was staying in London, and Geoffry was entirely his own master in regard to his movements, accountable to nobody.

"And you really cannot stay for tea?" asked Mrs. Ardie, as he shook hands with her to leave.

"Not this evening, thank you. I wish I could. Good night, Arde."

"Good night, Geoffry."

"I wish you would just come as far as the gate with me, Maria. I have something to say to you."

Geoffry Clanwaring turned his head to ask this as he was quitting the room. Maria blushed painfully, and hesitated—hesitated because of the presence of the others. But Geoffry held open the door, waiting for her, and she timidly followed him. That Mr. and Mrs. Arde were tacitly aware of the state of affairs between Sir Dene's son and Maria—namely, that he was courting her, as the phrase ran—could but be a matter of course; otherwise they had possessed neither sense nor perception. They did not interfere. George Arde felt that all interference would be useless, for he remembered his own case: and it was really no concern of his, that he should make or mar. Mrs. Arde trembled a little: she saw insurmountable difficulties before them; and once she spoke just a word of warning to her sister. "Papa can never give his consent, Maria. It would put him all wrong with Sir Dene." Maria answered nothing: but the sadness that overspread her face showed to Mary Arde how perfectly she understood the hopelessness of the future; and that Mr. Owen's consent was a thing never to be looked for. And so, Mr. and Mrs. Arde had gone on, tacitly sanctioning the state of matters, inasmuch as they did not put a stop to Geoffry's visits. He had found many a moment for seeing Maria alone; for George Arde would be out and about, and the delicate young mother had often to remain in her chamber. But this was the first time that Mr. Clanwaring had gone so far as to ask Maria to go out with him.

"George," whispered the wife, as the room door closed, "I do feel that we are incurring a great responsibility in suffering this. Should it ever be discovered at home, papa will say so."

"How is it to be helped?" returned George Arde. "*We* can do nothing, either way. It's not to be supposed, Polly, that I should go off to her father, or to his father, and tell about it!"

"Well—no. Of course not. At any rate, it will be over on Saturday," added Mrs. Arde with a sigh of relief. "The responsibility, I mean. Maria returns home then, and I shall be glad of it; much as I regret to lose her."

Meanwhile Maria, a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, that she had caught up in passing out, was pacing down the path on Mr. Clanwaring's arm. George Arde could see them through the window in the dusk. It was some such a night as the one already told of, when the two men with their burden of plate had gone stealing up Harebell Lane: moonlight, but very gusty. A cold November evening.

"Everything is arranged and in readiness, Maria," began Geoffry. "I saw the clergyman this afternoon, and I've got the license. Nine o'clock, mind. You will find me at the church waiting for you."

For Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring had succeeded in obtaining Maria Owen's consent to marry him. They meant to take French leave: get married quietly, and tell the world afterwards. Such weddings were rather common in those days; and were regarded with less reprehension than they would be in these. To do Maria justice, she had at first steadily refused: but Geoffry had eloquently pointed out that there was no middle course; nothing between that and separation. And, to separate, was beyond the philosophy of either.

"I cannot possibly see how I shall get away from here in my white dress," she answered. "The season is too far advanced for wearing white in a morning now. If they saw me, they might suspect something."

"Put on a big shawl," suggested Geoffry. "Or come in a colored dress: what does it matter?"

At the foot of the little garden there ran a sheltered walk behind the hedge, secure from observation. Geoffry turned into it.

"I want to try on the ring, love."

He had bought it that afternoon at the silversmith's. The same one from whom the gold and silver plate had been stolen: which robbery, as to its perpetrators, had never been discovered, in spite of the cunning of the Bow Street detectives. Mr. Geoffry found he had guessed the size well: the friendly night hid the blushes on Maria's sweet face, as he told her so.

"Oh but, Geoffry, I scarcely dare to think of it?" she said imploringly. "I tremble for the consequences. And besides, it is *not* a right thing for us to do."

"It is quite right, my love. It can injure no one. When once my father knows you, and finds that we are happy, he will forgive all. And you are aware that Mr. Owen would give you to me himself, so far as I alone am concerned."

"I have never disobeyed my father and mother before," she said, bursting into tears.

Geoffry Clanwaring kissed the tears away. The gentle, lovely face, very sad then, lay passively against him, and he took kiss after kiss from it, as he whisperingly reassured her with all the eloquence love is master of. And thus they parted—for the last time before their wedding-day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day—
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long—
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

A Liberal Education.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations: one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—*Prof. Huxley.*

☞ A goose-paper—A marriage certificate.

☞ The mortality has been great among the French wounded in all cases when the balls have remained some hours in the body before extraction. It is said, in explanation of this, that the Prussian bullets contain a little mercury, which is inserted in the base of the ball to augment the explosive power of the cartridge, and that by the action of the gas produced at the moment of the explosion, this mercury is converted into mercurial acid of the most deleterious nature, the effect of which is to poison the blood if it remains in contact with the ball for any time.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

DENE HOLLOW.

We commenced in last week's number this deeply interesting story, by the author of "East Lynne." It will probably run about five months.

This is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Besides "Dene Hollow," we have a number of fine stories on hand, long and short, which we shall lay before our readers as rapidly as possible.

COMPLIMENTARY.

We cut the following from the *Sunbury (Penn.) Democrat:*—

"Most of the so-called literary papers published in the large cities can be fitly denominated as trash. Here and there only is one worthy of the support of intelligent and respectable people. Among these few we class the 'SATURDAY EVENING POST,' published by Henry Peterson & Co., in Philadelphia, at $3 per annum. It is most excellent in all its departments, and we heartily recommend it to those wanting a literary and family newspaper. It is one of the very few literary papers that receives a hearty welcome in our sanctum."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOOD FOR NOTHING. A Novel. By WHITE MELVILLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE LIFE OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRE. By WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The romantic nature of the circumstances which connect the name of Major Andre with the history of the American Revolution, gives such an interest to the whole life of that unfortunate soldier, that a volume of the present scope must find very many readers. A portrait of the author and one of Major Andre accompany the work. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY. By MARTHA FARQUHARSON, author of "Elsie Dinsmore," etc. Published by Evans, Stoddart & Co., 740 Sansom street, Philada.

Snakes in Ireland.

Not only do serpents and frogs manage to exist in Ireland, but worse still, they absolutely swarm, the frogs especially, in the country districts—notably in the county Dublin and the Queen's county. It is commonly supposed that if any adventurous spirit took the trouble to introduce a few of the reptiles, he would find it labor lost. But as the snakes are there, and old authorities maintain that Ireland was free from them until comparatively recent times, the fact remains that *somebody* must have imported them. One account gives it out that they were first propagated from spawn, introduced as an experiment, in 1606, by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; another, that a gentleman imported a number of vipers from England into Wexford, about the year 1797, but that they died immediately after. In the summer of 1831, however, a gentleman, by way of experiment, brought a few pairs of the common snake from Scotland, and placed them in a plantation at Milecross, near Newtownards; and the readiness with which they multiplied was more alarming than pleasant. The late Marquis of Waterford, well known in his day for his strange freaks, is said to have tried the same experiment on his own estates, but with no success. May not, after all, the idea of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes in the Sister Isle be traced to the association of the serpent with the Evil One, and to the success which his reverence had in reforming the vices of his barbarian disciples?—*London "Once a Week."*

Boots and Shoes.

Buttoned shoes have had their day, and laced shoes are now the popular idea. A novelty, too, is announced for early summer wear. It is an improvement upon all the garden, croquet and house shoes yet introduced. It is called the "Church Shoe," and is said to be a Parisian novelty which became the rage during the siege of the French Capital, when it was more fashionable to go to church than to theatres and balls; and when a lady was frequently called upon to make a very hasty toilet. It is a half boot, tieing on the instep like a garden shoe. It can be put on very quickly. An ornamented instep buttons on over the tie when the shoe is worn for full dress or out of doors. This ornamental piece extends high enough to simulate a boot to perfection. The "Church Shoe" should be worn over colored hose, say the authorities, though why, any more than any other shoe, is not explained.

THE English census was taken at midnight, the second of April. Schedules had previously been distributed to all lodgers to have them filled up at that hour, with the most exact information as to age, condition, and profession. A fine of thirty-five dollars was imposed as penalty for failure or falsehood. There is something very grotesque in thus entrapping a whole nation at midnight.

The principal objection of the English people to giving their names, ages, and other information, as required by the census, was that the schedules might be used in making out tax lists and possibly in conscription. The Home Secretary gave assurances—not worth much—that they never would be used for such purposes. The repugnance of women to give their exact ages, however, he could not overcome. The schedules are said to contain much curious information.

THE NIBBLER.—If grumbling is ever excusable, certainly it is so when the grocer grumbles at the depredations of that pest of his establishment—the nibbler. By the nibbler we mean a man who enters the store, runs his fingers into every sugar barrel and takes a couple of ounces, then goes to the cheese and cuts off a slice, just to taste; then, as a matter of course, must have a few crackers, and perhaps before he makes up his mind to purchase a quarter-dollars worth, he has eaten up the profits on two dollars' worth of groceries.

"ARE these pure canaries?" asked a young gentleman who was negotiating for a gift for his fair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'are birds from canary seed."

☞ Cat music is done purr-fect-ly, isn't it?

LUCILLE'S MISTAKE.

The visit over, bidding her adieu,
I took my hat, and, bowing low, withdrew.
Then, starting homeward, soon I missed my cane,
Retraced my steps and rang the bell again.
I heard a rush—the door flew open wide—
And with a bound Lucille was at my side.
Around my neck her lovely arms she threw,
Kissed me, ye gods! she kissed me through and through.
Stock still I stood, not daring to return.
The glowing kisses that my lips did burn.
I tried to speak, and gasped, "I clean forgot—
I left my cane." She started as if shot,
And cried with sobs she vainly tried to smother,
"Oh dear! oh dear! I thought 'twas Dan, my brother.
What shall I do?" she asked me o'er and o'er.
I lacked the courage to say, "Do it more!"
So looking sheepish, seized upon my stick
And forthwith homeward trotted double quick.
When on my couch in vain I courted sleep,
I tossed—and pondered, "What a wealth of love
That girl possesses, other girls above!
And if a brother she should hold so dear,
How must a husband to her heart appear!"
The idea grew; and—well to end the tale,
I sought her often, and to such avail
That ere a twelvemonth its full course had run
I woo'd, I won her—and we twain were one;
And once I told her "that my love began
The night she kissed me in mistake for Dan."
"For Dan?" said she: "why, bless your stupid head,
Poor brother Dan was safe and snug in bed!"
"You didn't know it!" "Why, of course I did,"
And in my breast her blushing face she hid.
* * * * * *
Through all these years I did not once regret
My having fallen in the trap she set.
Happy am I, and happy, too, I've made her,
Although at times I laughingly upbraid her,
And then she says, "The moral, dear, of this is,
That girls don't often make mistakes—in kisses!"

The Strange Passenger.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

It was Christmas eve or very nearly, for the sun was sinking behind the hill-tops, and the early winter twilight that commences even before the sunlight has disappeared was stealing on, filling the crisp air with a chilly gloom. Along a highway leading from the city of P., Farmer Wilson was rattling home in his great, comfortable canvas-covered wagon, thinking of the welcome that awaited him ten miles further on. He had been to the city to dispose of his Christmas poultry, and having sold it all at fair prices, he had in his huge pocket-book, carefully put away inside his overcoat, a very considerable sum, concerning which his reflections were pleasing indeed. Stowed away in the hind part of his wagon were several interesting looking packages, no doubt containing presents for those at home; for Farmer Wilson, though a saving, was not a sordid man, and none knew better than he the pleasure and *wisdom* of giving. His team, invigorated by the keen, wintry air, and knowing as well as their driver did that their heads were turned toward home, trotted steadily along the solid "pike" till the base of a long and winding hill was reached. Their pace slackened, and they were leisurely ascending the elevation when a quiet "whoa" from the driver brought them to a stand. A neatly dressed woman, who had been hidden till now by a curve in the road, seeing the approaching vehicle, paused as it came up, and looking into John Wilson's eyes, asked in a respectful tone of voice if she might ride to the next village, four miles further ahead.

"Certainly," said the obliging farmer as he sprang from his wagon and assisted the lady in. Kindly fixing her in the most comfortable seat, the good man signified to his horses, which were getting slightly impatient under the delay, that they might proceed, and then glanced at his companion. She was, as he had observed at first, rather tall, with a fair face, rather dimly seen in the twilight, and hands well-shaped at least, if not small, as showed in the tightly-fitting glove, which Farmer Wilson, accustomed to enormous mittens, thought rather poor protection against the cold. However, she carried a muff, into which, after she was seated, she thrust her thin-gloved hands.

They rattled on, the twilight growing dimmer, though a cold light still lingered in the air. His passenger, Farmer Wilson thought, seemed rather disinclined to talk, so he did not attempt conversation, but drove on in silence, glancing occasionally at her, and mentally wondering who she could be. Some lady from the city probably who was going up to spend Christmas with a relative in the village, having left the train at the nearest station, and trusting to obtain further conveyance in some passing vehicle.

A slight movement of his passenger caused the farmer to turn toward her. She was in the act of changing her position; one foot was thrust out from the ample folds of her dress; it was quickly withdrawn, but no soon enough to prevent Farmer Wilson from seeing that it had on it what looked wonderfully like a *man's boot*. Suspicion had already been aroused in his mind, notwithstanding his endeavor to account for her presence on the road at that time of day, and now the matter was plain enough. The lady was no lady at all, but a highwayman, who had attired himself in a woman's dress, the better to obtain a chance to rob, and perhaps murder some returning market man, who, it was well reasoned, would very likely have with him a considerable sum of money, the proceeds of his Christmas sales. It was a trying position. Farmer Wilson was unarmed, and any attempt to grapple with the villain would undoubtedly result in an assault upon him with some deadly weapon. Moreover the horses were spirited, and a struggle in the wagon would probably frighten them, and the additional danger of a runaway would be imminent. To be sure the robber would have to share that danger, but he was evidently prepared to take his chances.

Concealing his agitation by a powerful effort, Wilson set his wits to work to contrive some way of extricating himself from his unpleasant position. He thought of home, his wife and children waiting for him by the cheery hearth. How far off they seemed, now that this unexpected peril lay between him and them. What a fool he had been to take up such a person. The circumstances were suspicious from the first. It was too late now; he must do what he could to save himself, and that soon.

They were approaching a lonely part of the road. "Great heavens," thought the farmer, inwardly alarmed but outwardly calm; "how well he has planned it. Further down the road was too much travelled to give him an opportunity to murder me; but the lonely stretch ahead, with night falling, the villain thinks it will be safe enough." All this passed through his mind in a moment; the next he conceived of a plan to rid himself of his unwelcome passenger. They were about to descend a moderately steep hill; leaning forward as if to prepare himself to apply the lock to the wheels, Farmer Wilson managed with well-affected carelessness to drop his whip.

"There," he exclaimed, "I've dropped my whip—a new one, too. The horses are a little restless, madam, would you be so good as to get out and pick it up for me? I'm troubling you, I know."

"Certainly," said the pretended lady, from the calm and natural tone of the driver's voice suspecting nothing.

The "lady" put aside her muff rather carefully, and was alighting, her back to Wilson, when the latter grasping with double firmness the reins, moved forward, and with all the energy that his cramped position would allow, administered a vigorous kick with his heavy cowhide boots to the "accommodating" rascal, sending him sprawling in the road.

"Good night, my dear *sir*," he shouted, with particular and meaning emphasis on the final word, as he "skurried" up his team and rattled down the hill. A pistol-shot, wide of its mark, was the only answer from the baffled and enraged robber, who having recovered himself, was vainly endeavoring to overtake the escaping countryman.

A mile or two farther on, as Farmer Wilson, after many self-congratulations on his fortunate escape, picked up the muff to examine it, something heavy dropped from it to the floor of the wagon. It was a pistol, which his passenger had left when he laid the muff so carefully aside. Farmer Wilson shivered as the cold barrel touched his hand. He thanked Heaven that the ball the weapon contained had not been sent to his heart or brain.

When he reached home and told his family of his adventure, very glad and grateful were they that theirs was not a mourning Christmas home. In his after trips to market he carried the pistol, which, with the muff, he considered a full equivalent for his lost whip. If was the only time he said he had ever kicked a "woman."

Hints to Parents.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

EXERCISE.

Our girls, amid the multiplicity of muscular work have lose strength than time for mental activity. They have no elasticity, no exuberance of life to expend in sheer physical exercise. There is no fun and frolic left, and they ask with a forlorn face, and languid air, "Can't I be excused from exercise?" and look as if they wanted to lean up somewhere and think, like Mark Twain's mule, in which case I fear their thoughts would be neither brilliant or cheerful. Young ladies out to walk, with ribs compressed, arms pinioned, staid as a funeral procession, going from a sense of duty, or in response to school order, get a little fresh air, but much less than they would if there was freedom of chest, and fun and frolic to prompt the free inspiration, the exhilarating exercise. The discipline at our military schools is found excellent to develop the chest, improve the step and general bearing, and to correct physical defects, etc. Gymnastics—Dio Lewis's system—should do the same for our girls; but, to accomplish this work, the young lady should not only have her period of daily drill, of an hour or so, but should be dressed so that she can breathe deep, and sit erect, without whale-bones or braces, and walk without hindrance at all times. Instead of this, after the exercise to expand the chest, she goes straight into the compressors again. While in uniform, she is careful to stand straight, to walk erect; but when once "be-furbelowed," the *dress* is *all*, the position nothing. Some of our schools have very fine facilities for physical culture. But the pupils are usually too hurried, too tired with their lessons, to get much benefit therefrom. Gymnastics, riding, skating, rowing, etc., must consume both time and strength. For instance, a mother asks me if riding lessons will not be of advantage to her daughter? Upon examination I find the young lady is already so burdened with lessons, that she is worried and nervous, and cannot eat or sleep as much as she ought. Horseback exercise would do her good if she could take a good sleep after it. But tax her delicate frame, which scarcely weighs eighty pounds, with severe physical exercise, and then send her in to hard study before resting, and it is making a bad condition worse. We must have nerve-power for muscular exercise, as well as for mental activity, and the secret of good health and good scholarship, is to properly divide this life-element, between the wants of brain and body.—*Herald of Health.*

Leather Cannon.

The Cuban patriots have invented a curious cannon of leather as a substitute for the metal field-piece, which they are unable to obtain. The barrel of the gun is about three feet and a half long, and is made by stretching stout, well-dressed leather in a soaked state upon a mould four inches in diameter, and sewing the edges with cords of the native pita de corojo, which has great tenacity. When dry another thickness of wet leather is stretched upon the first layer, and four more are subsequently added. The breech is made of hard wood, and the chamber is often lined with tin. These guns fire from ten to twenty rounds before becoming unfit for use, and are usually loaded with stones, through the absence of grape and canister. They have done considerable execution, and are lightly transported in pairs upon the shoulders of a man. When used they are laid upon the ground and pointed at short range upon an approaching column.

☞ A SOUL ABOVE SAUCEPANS!—The comptroller of the kitchen at Versailles has committed suicide, because after having held that office under Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., he could not submit to exercise it for "a nobody like M. Thiers and a nothing like the Assembly."

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ The following advertisement was in an Eastern paper, recently:—"Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating-house. He is used to the business."

☞ "Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?" "No; I never said any such a thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was, that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said." "Well, it's well you didn't say the other, I tell you."

☞ This is the style in which irreverent Chicago announces a great revivalist:—"Elder Knapp, having converted three sinners in 7 26½, will 'rastle with the Fiend next Sunday."

☞ The New York Democrat accuses Greeley of "advancing ideas" on the subject of grafting canned lobsters on to gooseberry bushes.

☞ The strongest propensity in woman's nature, says a careful student of the sex, is to want to know what is going on, and the next strongest is to boss the job.

☞ A Connecticut school-boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is animal having four legs, "one at each corner."

☞ The question of killing deadly snakes at Government expense, in India, is again under discussion. Deaths by snake bites number about 40,000 a year. But giving bounties for snakes killed is expensive. It was tried at low rates several years ago, and cost £10,000 in two months.

☞ The latest style of engagement ring is not a solitaire, but is made with three large solitaires placed lengthwise on the ring.

☞ Gentlemen seem to prefer the English frock coat and light pants for full dress receptions to the black swallow tails and low vests.

☞ An eminent oculist asserts that Americans, like the Germans, will soon become a spectacled nation, unless they quit reading by defective lights or when on the railroad.

☞ The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a small paragraph like this:—"Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

☞ The man who is engaged to marry the double-headed girl, is in trouble again. It will be remembered that one head refused to have anything to do with him, while the other head agreed to let the courting proceed in due form. But now the neutral head declares that the kissing and fooling creates a sensation that it can only describe as disgusting. The courted head has proposed that the "disgusted" one try a little of the same itself, on the principal that if you don't want to smell onions you must eat them. So the case stood at the last advices.

☞ Forsyth, Georgia, can claim the champion beat. Finding himself bad off for his regular invigorator, he put a gallon of water in a two gallon demijohn, and presented himself at the grocery, asked for a gallon of whiskey. It was duly enclosed in the demijohn, but of course there was no trust, and the liquor had to be returned. A gallon was poured out, and the beat went on his way rejoicing in the possession of a half gallon of good grog. He turned up drunk an hour afterward.

☞ A church member in Middletown, Connecticut, who found a stranger in his pew on Sunday morning, took him by the collar and pulled him out into the aisle. Then he joined devoutly in the service.

☞ An old lady who was sharply questioned in court by an angry lawyer, says she now understands what is meant by a cross-examination.

☞ A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson!" "Very probable," replied Sydney, "but I see that your father was of a different mind."

☞ The most wonderful case of conscience ever recorded at the National Treasury was made known a day or two since. A chap of the Anonymous family, residing in Philadelphia, forwarded three cents to the conscience fund. He says that he picked up a roll of tobacco in the street of which he made six cigars, and believes the Government is entitled to three cents as tax duty.

☞ A CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE.—Queen Victoria has always been noted for affably bowing without a moment's cessation in her State progress through the city. A London correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says this bowing is all deceit. "There is a curious contrivance attached to the seat of the grand carriage, by which means the royal body is gently swayed as in the act of bowing, while in reality the said body lolls comfortably, and makes no exertion whatever." Some Yankee should invent a hand-shaking machine for the President.

☞ A young lady at Akron, Ohio, recently performed 300 jumps over her skipping rope, and the next day 170 more. The consequence was, that she became ill from the over-exertion, and three days afterwards died.

☞ An exchange says:—"We are in receipt of two poems, one on the 'Throbbing Brain,' and the other on a 'Beating Heart.' We shall wait until we receive one on the 'Stomach Ache,' and publish all three together."

☞ "You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second-story window."

A NEW VERSION.

"Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each one seems coming to the point,
And then away he goes."
"They are frightened at your cost, my dear;
They are thinking of your clothes."

☞ CONNECT-I-CUT.—There is something in a name after all. An exchange tells us that last year Connecticut beat Indiana on divorces by eighty-nine. This is cutting connections with a vengeance.

☞ MEDICINAL.—Little Osmond saw his father put tar on a sick sheep's nose, and soon after his mother was taken sick, and he asked his father if he was going to put tar on her nose too. His father replied (*in a whisper*) that mother had already tar-tar enough about her.

Hearts that Break.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is the loving, rather than the loved, whose loss we regret. We miss those who make our sunshine, not those who absorb it.

With woman this is especially so: love is the law of her existence; give all, do all, and be all, and unless you love her, you may pass out of her life, and it goes on calmly to the end of the chapter.

On the other hand, if a woman be deprived of a loving companion, her heart will be sore with regret, if it do not break outright; he may have been a querulous invalid, filling her days with care and her nights with wakefulness. No matter what a man is, so he loves, some true woman would cherish him as a precious gift: for it is all nonsense to talk about love depending upon respect for its vitality: it is often the other way, when we find respect vegetating solely upon love, with no other discoverable sustenance.

How many proofs of this fact are daily occurring in our midst. The poor woman who works till she is hollow-eyed, to support the idle or dissolute vagabond who loves her, with never a word of complaint to others, however much she may, in private, reproach him, in the vain hope of arousing him to a sense of duty—is a case just in point. She will follow him into the street when he is drunk, and tenderly guide him home when he is no longer capable of caring for himself. "I maun take care ov him whin he is dhrunk," she will tell you, "for he luves me whin he is sober. Och! but he is a bethter man to me than Mrs. Teetotle's man, who follows another woman, and is cross to herself entirerly." And yet the rude love which might content this poor Irish woman would hardly be sufficient for a finer nature; such an one would reflect that he loved whisky more than he did herself, which reflection would tarnish the glory of it considerably.

It was not so much loss of the hero, as the loss of the lover, that broke the heart of the beautiful and accomplished Irish lady whom Moore and Irving have united to immortalize. Had Robert Emmet lived a few years, to have played the role of husband to that gentle lady, his death, perhaps, would not have broken her heart. Time and the cares of life, assisted by domestic familiarity, usually make sad havoc of masculine affection; and even the great and tender Robert Emmet, most probably would have succumbed to their power, more or less; and the wife, having less to lose than the lady-love, might have borne it more easily.

Women make gods of men; and, in their blind idolatry, pour out all the higher, nobler qualities of their nature in the worshipping love that gods inspire. Close association discovers the foot of clay, at least; and though they may love them quite as sincerely, it is "of the earth, earthy." This is one of God's mercies. To be deprived of a god is like striking the sun, the source of revivifying life, from the firmament. Stars fall, and still we live; yet who does not mourn the loss of a beloved star?

God made Eve for a friend and helper to Adam: but He gave her eyes of her own to see with, and ears of her own with which to hear, and a mouth of her own also with which to eat, else I take it the forbidden fruit might have remained untasted to this day; for, according to testimony, one is forced to conclude that Adam was not enterprising enough to test its quality for himself, and was too great a coward if he had been, till he had a woman's ample skirts (figuratively speaking of course) behind which to hide.

To love a man is *part* of woman's mission, as to love a woman is part of man's mission; precisely, and nothing more: and the loves of husband and wife, to endure long and under all circumstances, should fit each other exactly. The joiner who dovetails his work understands this principle, for he knows if one side is the width of a hair too short to fit the other, his work will not stand.

If the wheels of a watch do not fit to a nicety, the machinery stops: how then can one expect the domestic machinery to run smoothly when one wheel is as big "as all out-doors," and the other would scarcely be an object to a wheelbarrow?

That is just it, the husband and wife, no matter what the difference in their circumference, should fit each other, which is never the case while a man excuses himself from all the gentle attentions a woman values so much, on the ground of his larger duties, and yet expects his wife to be unfailing toward him because her wheel is somewhat smaller: he does not reflect that it must therefore revolve the oftener.

If he leave his wheel uncoiled, whose fault is it if the machinery jar unpleasantly, or perhaps clogs entirely?

Married man, when you get your watches oiled, do not neglect the big wheel, for although that little fine-spun escapement-wheel is the very life of the machinery, which it is of the last importance to keep in order, yet it is very fragile, and the task of turning the great main-spring-barrel, when it gets stubborn for want of lubrication, sometimes proves too much for its delicate mechanism.

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls Western family sold at from $5,25@5,75 for superfine; $6,75@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Northwest extra family; $7@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—50,000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for Ohio; $1,55@1,60 for Indiana; $1,42@1,50 for Penna; amber at $1,62@1,70. Rye—Sales of Penna at $1,18@1,20, and Southern at $1,19@1,12 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 68,000 bus at 77@78c for Penna and Delaware yellow; 77@78c for Western yellow. Oats—Sales of 75,000 bus at 62½@64c for mixed, and 65@66c ₩ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $17@18, and extra prime at $15. Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $27@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15c; Excelsior Hams at 16c; Sides at 9½@10c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 11½@12½c; Sides 9c; and Shoulders, in salt, at 6½@6¾c. Lard—Sales of 200 bbls and tcs at 11½@11⅝c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of interior packed at 12@15c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c, and roll at 24@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 15@17c ₩ doz. Cheese sells at 14@15c ₩ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales Middlings at 15¼@15½c for Uplands, and 15¾@16c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at @ 32½33c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Peaches—Sales at 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@6,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,25@1,30; mixed do, $1,05@1,10; Straw, $1,35@1,40.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 800 tons of No. 1 at $25 ₩ ton; 500 tons of No. 2 at $22, and 600 tons of Gray Forge at $23,50 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $24@25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—We quote at 8@8½c ₩ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 20,000 head. The prices realized from 4@8¼ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $30 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@8½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $8 to $8,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

FRIENDSHIP.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.
—*Shakespeare.*

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

ap22-tf

Poisonous Medicines.

The theory that the virus of disease can be safely counteracted by doses of poison, is false and dangerous. Within the last twenty-five years, not less than a score of virulent poisons have been added to the repository of the medical profession. They are given in small doses, otherwise they would destroy life immediately; but even in minute quantities, they produce, ultimately, very disastrous effects. It is unwise and unphilosophical to employ, as remedies, powerful and insidious drugs, which, in subjugating one disease, sow the seeds of another still more unmanageable. None of these terrible medicaments operates with as much directness and certainty upon the causes of disease as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a tonic and corrective, *without a single deleterious ingredient in its composition.* Arsenic and quinia are given for intermittents; bromide of potassium for nervous disorders; strychnine and prussic acid for general debility; mercury, in various forms, for liver complaint; preparations of chloroform and opium for sleeplessness; and yet these deadly drugs do not compare, as specifics for the diseases above enumerated, with that wholesome vegetable invigorant and alterative, while they are all so pernicious that it is astonishing any physician should take the responsibility of prescribing them. Let invalids, for their own sakes, try the Bitters before they resort to the poisons. The relief they will experience from a course of the harmless specific, will render a recourse to the unsafe preparations referred to, quite unnecessary. may6-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1837. ap8-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 3m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "**Family Physician,**" 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It gives the complexion a lively, pearl-like appearance, exceedingly beautiful, and perfectly natural. It removes Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches Ring-marks, Sallowness, &c., and in a very few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Any lady who wishes to be pleased with herself and to please others will certainly use this article. Then arms your hair with Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect. The Kathairon stimulates the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out and turning gray, and is the best hair dressing in the world. All Druggists keep these articles. may20-4t

Interesting to Ladies.

Mrs. Wm. B. Reed, of Southboro, Mass., has used one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in her family for more than twelve years. During that time it has never got out of order—and the only expense she has been to is in the matter of buying needles.

To Insure Health and Proper Digestion,

you should use HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS. They are composed of Fluid Extract Rhubarb, and Fluid Extract Catawba Grape Juice. They excite digestion, nourish and invigorate the system, and purge out all the humors that grow and rankle in the blood. HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA makes New, Fresh, and Healthy Blood, and Beautifies the Complexion.

BROKEN TROTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY PHILA H. CASE.

A shimmering sheen of trailing silk,
A shower of glittering, golden curls,
Throat and arms that are white as milk,
Circled with glimmering pearls—
A face so faultlessly fair, it might
Have drifted out of a painter's dreams,
Its great blue eyes full of languid lights
And soft bewildering gleams.

A strangely subtle, sensuous spell
There seems in every look and word,
Yet what it is I can never tell
That his inmost soul has stirred.
Sometimes I think it the perfume fresh
From the heart of the Orient, new and rare,
And then she has tangled his heart in the mesh
Of her glittering, golden hair.

And then, when I watch her matchless grace,
As she slowly floats on the sleepy waves
Of the passionate waltz, I can see in his face,
How his mad devotion craves
Each look, each smile, each touch of the white
Soft hand he holds in his lingering clasp,
And I almost shriek as I think with affright
Of Cleopatra's stinging asp.

Ah well! does it matter just how she has snared
His heart in her sweet, bewildering wiles,
Or, that the man I have loved, has shared
With twenty, her luring smiles?
I shall hide away my torturing pain,
And no one will dream from my quiet life,
That when the June roses shall blossom again,
I was to have been his wife.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.

Frederic, Baron Trenck, born at Konigsburg in 1726, was the son of a superior officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, colonel of the Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the age of eighteen he became an officer in the body-guard of Frederic II., and he was high in the favor of that prince. But the intelligence, the bravery, and the brilliant exploits to which he owed that favor had also procured him many enemies, who knew how to take advantage of the indiscretions of a high-spirited young man. Trenck was presumptious enough to aspire to the regard of the Princess Amelia, sister of the king; and this was undoubtedly the main cause of his disgrace, though not the only one. In the campaign of 1744, the enemy's foragers captured the young officer's groom, with two of his horses. The king at once supplied him with another horse from the royal stables; but the next morning the groom and the captured horses were brought back again by a trumpeter of the enemy, who, on returning them to Trenck, placed in his hands the following letter from the chief of the Pandours:—

"Trenck the Austrian is not at war with his cousin Trenck the Prussian. He is delighted to have been able to get the two horses out of the clutches of his hussars, and to return them to his cousin, to whom they belong."

The young officer at once took the letter to the king, who, regarding him with a frown, said—

"Since your cousin has sent back your horses, you have no need of mine."

Some months passed, and Trenck seemed perfectly restored to the favor of his sovereign, when the blow with which the king had long menaced him fell suddenly upon his head.

Some time previously, Trenck had been imprudent enough to write to his cousin in the Austrian service; and, though his letter contained only general expressions of compliment and regard, it was none the less a grave breach of discipline. The affair of the captured horses had afterwards happened, and Trenck had very nearly forgotten his letter, when he one day received what purported to be a reply to it, though there is every reason to believe that it was the work of some person in the Prussian service plotting his ruin. Trenck was, however, arrested, with the letter in his possession, and was taken to the castle of Glatz, where he was placed in one of the rooms alloted to the officers of the guard, and allowed the liberty of the fortress. He committed the error of writing a very haughty letter to Frederic, which gave great offence. He had remained five months in confinement; the king had vouchsafed no reply to his demand to be brought before a military tribunal; peace had been made; his post in the guards had been given to another: it was then that he began to think of making his escape.

During his imprisonment at Glatz he had made many friends among the officers who had charge of him, by freely supplying them with money, with which he was well provided. Two of these officers volunteered to aid him in his escape, and to accompany him; and in addition to this they all three undertook, from feelings of pity, to deliver another officer, who had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the same fortress. After he had learned all their plans, this wretch, whom Trenck had loaded with benefits, betrayed them, and earned his own liberty as the reward of his treachery. One of the confederates, warned in time, was enabled to save himself; the other, thanks to Trenck, who had bribed his judge, escaped with a year's imprisonment. But Trenck himself was from that day watched more closely than before. Some years after, the wretch who had so basely sold him received his reward: Trenck met him at Warsaw, insulted him publicly, and killed him in a duel.

The king was greatly incensed at this attempted escape, the more so as he had already promised, at the earnest entreaty of Trenck's mother, to release him in a year. But Trenck had, unfortunately, been kept in ignorance of this latter circumstance. He was not long, however, before he made another effort to recover his liberty, of which he gives an account in the following terms:—

"My window looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground, in the tower of the citadel, out of which I dared not get before finding a place of refuge in

MY FOOT GOT STUCK, AND THE SENTINEL SEIZED IT.

the city. This an officer undertook to procure me, and prevailed on an honest soap-boiler to grant me a hiding-place. I then notched my penknife and sawed through three iron bars; but this mode was too tedious, it being necessary to file away eight bars from my window before I could pass through. Another officer, therefore, procured me a file, which I was obliged to use with caution, lest I should be overheard by the sentinels.

"Having ended this labor, I cut my leather portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of my bed, and descended safely from this tremendous height.

"It rained, the night was dark, and all seemed fortunate; but I had to wade through moats full of mud before I could enter the city—a circumstance I had never once considered. I sank up to the knees, and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate myself, I was obliged to call the sentinel and desire him to go and tell the governor Trenck was stuck fast in the moat.

"My misfortune was the greater on this occasion as General Fouquet was then governor of Glatz. He was one of the cruellest of men. He had been wounded by my father in a duel, and the Austrian Trenck had taken his baggage in 1774, and had also laid the country of Glatz under contribution. He was, therefore, an enemy to the very name of Trenck; nor did he lose any opportunity of giving proofs of his sentiments, and especially on the present occasion, when he left me standing in the mire till noon, the sport of the soldiers. I was then drawn out, half dead, only to be again imprisoned and shut up the whole day, without water to wash myself. No one can imagine how I looked—exhausted and dirty, my long hair having fallen into the mud, with which, by my struggling, it was loaded I remained in this condition till the next day, when two fellow prisoners were sent to assist and clean me.

"My imprisonment now became intolerable. I had still eighty louis d'ors in my purse, which had not been taken from me at my removal into another dungeon, and these afterwards did me good service.

"Eight days had not elapsed since my last fruitless attempt to escape when an event happened which would appear incredible were I, the principal actor in the scene, not alive to attest its truth, and might not all Glatz and the Prussian garrison be produced as eye and ear-witnesses. This incident will prove that adventurous and even rash daring will render the most improbable undertakings possible, and that desperate attempts may often make a general more fortunate and famous than the wisest and best concerted plans.

"Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard and an adjutant. After examining every corner of my chamber, he addressed me, taxing me with a second crime in endeavoring to obtain my liberty, adding that this must certainly increase the anger of the king.

"My blood boiled at the word crime; be talked of patience, I asked how long the king had condemned me to imprisonment. He answered, a traitor to his country who has correspondence with the enemy, cannot be condemned for a certain time, but must depend for grace and pardon on the king.

"At that instant I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had been some time fixed, sprang out of the door, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison door to relieve the guard, attacked them sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four of them, made way through the rest, sprang over the breast-work of the ramparts, and with the sword drawn in my hand immediately leaped this astonishing height without receiving the least injury; I leaped the second wall with equal safety and good fortune. None of their pieces were loaded; no one durst leap after me, and in order to pursue, they must go round through the tower and gate of the citadel, so that I had the start full half an hour.

"A sentinel, however, in a narrow passage endeavored to oppose my flight, but I parried his fixed bayonet and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel, meantime, ran from the outworks to seize me behind, and, to avoid him, I made a spring at the palisades; unluckily my foot got stuck, and the sentinel seized it and held me by it till his comrades came up, who beat me with the butt end of their muskets, and dragged me back to prison, while I struggled and defended myself like a man grown desperate.

"Certain it is, had I more carefully jumped the palisades, and despatched the sentinel who opposed me, I might have escaped, and gained the mountains. Thus might I have fled to Bohemia, after having, at noonday, broken from the fortress at Glatz, sprung past all its sentinels, over all its walls, and passed with impunity, in spite of the guard, who were under arms, ready to oppose me. I should not, with a sword in my hand, have feared any single opponent, and was able to contend with the swiftest runners. That good fortune which had so far attended me, forsook me at the palisades, where hope was at an end.

"The severities of imprisonment were increased, two sentinels and an under officer were locked in with me, and were themselves guarded by sentinels without. I was beaten and wounded by the butt ends of their muskets, my right foot was sprained. I spit blood, and my wounds were not cured in less than a month.

"I was now informed for the first time that the king had only condemned me to a year's imprisonment to learn whether his suspicions were well founded. My mother had petitioned for me, and was answered, 'Your son must remain a year imprisoned as a punishment for his rash correspondence.' Of this I was ignorant, and it was reported in Glatz that my imprisonment was for life. I had only three weeks longer to repine for the loss of liberty, when I made this rash attempt. What must the king think? Was he not obliged to act with this severity? How could prudence excuse my impatience, thus to risk a confiscation, when I was certain of receiving freedom, justification and honor in three weeks. But such was my adverse fate, circumstances all tended to injure and persecute me, till at length I gave every one reason to suppose I was a traitor, notwithstanding the purity of my intentions.

"Once more then I was in a dungeon, and no sooner was I there than I formed new projects of flight. I first gained the intimacy of my guards. I had money, and this, with the compassion I had inspired, might effect anything among discontented Prussian soldiers. Soon I had gained thirty-two men who were ready to execute, on the first signal, whatever I should command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other, they consequently could not all betray me at once. One Nicholai, a subaltern, was chosen as the leader.

"The garrison consisted only of one hundred and twenty men from the garrison regiment—the rest being dispersed in the county of Glatz—and four officers their commanders, three of whom were in my interest. Everything was prepared, swords and pistols were concealed in the oven, which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire with drums beating into Bohemia.

"Unfortunately, an Austrian deserter, to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, revealed our conspiracy. The governor instantly sent his adjutant to the citadel with orders that the officer on guard should arrest Nicholai, and with his men take possession of the casement.

"Nicholai was on the guard, and the lieutenant was my friend, and being in the secret gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai only knew all the conspirators, several of whom that day were on guard. He instantly formed his resolution, leaped into the casement, crying, 'Comrades, to arms! we are betrayed;' all followed to the guard-house, where they seized on the cartridges. The officer having only eight men, and threatening to fire on whoever should offer resistance, came to deliver me from prison, but the iron door was too strong and the time too short for that to be demolished. Nicholai, calling to me, bid me aid them, but in vain; and perceiving nothing more could be done for me, this brave man, heading nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliged these to accompany him, and thus arrived safely at Braunau, in Bohemia, for before the news was spread through the city, and men were collected for the pursuit, they were nearly half way on their journey.

"Two years after I met with this extraordinary man at Ofenburg, where he was a writer; he entered immediately into my service and became my friend, but died some months after of a burning fever at my quarters in Hungary, at which I was deeply grieved, for his memory will ever be dear to me.

"Now was I exposed to all the storms of ill fortune; a prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator, who wanted to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the king. They commanded me to name the remaining conspirators; but to these questions I made no answer except by steadfastly declaring I was an innocent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken, because I had never been brought to trial—that consequently I was released from all my engagements.

"A lieutenant, whose name was Bach, a Dane, mounted guard every fourth day, and was the terror of the whole garrison; for being a perfect master of arms, he was incessantly involved in quarrels, and generally left his marks behind him. He had served in two regiments, neither of which would associate with him for this reason, and he had been sent to the garrison regiment at Glatz as a punishment.

"Bach, one day sitting beside me, related how the evening before he had wounded a lieutenant, of the name of Schell, in the arm. I replied, laughing, 'Had I my liberty, I believe you would find some trouble in wounding me, for I have some skill in the sword.' The blood instantly flew into his face. We split off a kind of a pair of foils from an old door, which had served me as a table, and at the first lunge I hit him on the breast.

"His rage became ungovernable, and he left the prison. What was my astonishment when, a moment after, I saw him return with two soldier's swords, which he had concealed under his coat. 'Now then, boaster,' said he, giving me one of them, 'prove what thou art able to do.' I endeavored to pacify him, by representing the danger, but ineffectually. He attacked me with the utmost fury, and I wounded him in the arm.

"Throwing his sword down, he fell upon my neck, kissed me, and wept. At length, after some convulsive emotions of pleasure, he said, 'Friend, thou art my master, and thou must, thou shalt, by my aid, obtain thy liberty, as certainly as my name is Bach.' We bound up his arm as well as we could. He left me, and secretly went to a surgeon to have it properly dressed, and at night returned.

"Lieutenant Schell was just come from the garrison at Habelschwerd, to the citadel of Glatz, and in two days was to mount guard over me, till which time our attempt was suspended. I had received no more supplies, and my purse only contained some six pistoles. It was therefore resolved that Bach should go to Schweidnitz, and obtain money of a sure friend of his in that city.

"It must be borne in mind that at this period the officers and I all understood each other, Captain Roder alone excepted, who was exact, rigid, and gave trouble on every possible occasion. Major Quaadt was my kinsman by my mother's side, a good friendly man, and ardently desirous I should escape, seeing my calamities were so much increased. The four lieutenants, who successively mounted guard over me, were Bach, Schroeder, Lunitz, and Schell. The first was the grand projector, and made all preparations. Schell was to desert with me, and Schroeder and Lunitz, three days after, were to follow. No one ought to be surprised that officers of garrison regiments should be so ready to desert; they are in general either men of violent passions, quarrelsome, overwhelmed with debts, or unfit for service. They are usually sent to garrison as a punishment, and are called the refuse of the army. Dissatisfied with their situation, their pay much reduced, and despised by the troops, such men, expecting advantage, may be brought to engage in the most desperate undertaking; for none of them can hope for their discharge. They all hoped by my means to better their fortune, I always having had money enough, and with money nothing is more easy than to find friends in places where each individual is desirous of escaping from slavery.

"The governor had in the meantime been informed how familiar I had become with the officers, and, growing alarmed at this circumstance, he sent orders that my door should no more be opened, but that I should receive my food through a small window that had been made for the purpose. The care of the prison was committed to the major, and he was forbidden to eat with me under pain of being broken.

"His precautions were ineffectual. The officers procured a false key, and remained with me half the day and night.

"A Captain Damnitz was imprisoned in an apartment by the side of mine. This man had deserted from the Prussian service, with the money belonging to his company, to Austria, where he obtained a commission in his cousin's regiment. This cousin having prevailed on him to serve as a spy during the campaign of 1744, he was taken in the Prussian territories, recognized, and condemned to be hanged.

"Some Swedish volunteers who were then in the army interested themselves in his behalf, and his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment, with a sentence of infamy.

"This wretch, who two years afterwards, by the aid of his protectors, not only obtained his liberty, but a lieutenant-colonel's commission, was the secret spy of the major over the prisoners, and he remarked that notwithstanding the express prohibition laid on the officers, they still passed the greater part of their time in my company.

"The 24th of December came, and Schell mounted guard. He entered my prison immediately, where he continued a long time, and we made our arrangements for flight when he should next mount guard.

"Meantime Lieutenant Schroeder, who was in the secret, had no doubt but that we were betrayed, knowing that the spy Damnitz had informed the governor that Schell was then in my chamber. Schroeder, therefore, full of terror, came running to the citadel, and said to Schell: 'Save thyself, friend; all is discovered, and thou wilt instantly be put under arrest.'

"Schell might easily have provided for his own safety, by flying singly, Schroeder having prepared horses, on one of which he himself offered to accompany him into Bohemia.

"How did this worthy man, in a moment so dangerous, not towards his friend? Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, 'My friend, we are betrayed; follow me—only do not allow me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies.'

"I would have spoken, but interrupting me, and taking me by the hand, he added, 'follow me, we have not a moment to lose.' I therefore slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take the little money I had left; and as we went out of the prison, Schell said to the sentinel, 'I am taking the prisoner into the officer's apartment; stand where you are.'

"Into this room we really went, but passed out at the other door. The design of Schell was to go under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisadoes, and afterwards escape the best manner we might.

"We had hardly gone a hundred paces before we met the Adjutant and Major Quaadt. Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall, which was at that part not very high. I followed, and alighted unhurt, except having grazed my shoulder. My poor friend was not so fortunate, having put out his ankle. He immediately drew his sword, presented it to me, and begged me to kill him and fly. He was a small, weak man; but, far from complying with his request, I took him in my arms, threw him over the palisadoes, afterwards got him on my back, and began to run, without knowing very well which way I went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOD'S LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

A marvellous thing!
This love of His that led my way
Through pain and anguish, mist and tears,
Through gloom of night and clouded day,
These many years.

Most wonderful!
Even when the cheerful sun had set,
Nor light of moon nor stars did come
In all those years, His mercy yet
Hath led me home.

I count it strange
That ever when the shining trail
That leads to love my soul forgot,
And when my earthly hopes did fail,
His love did not.

A miracle!
The tide of scorn sent up to Heaven
Was beaten back by the sweet might
Of Him who, pitying darkness, said
"Let there be light."

And now the hoof
Of wrong may cruelly on me tread,
And bruise and beat the quivering flesh,
And cause old wounds to bleed afresh,
But Doubt is dead.

To Drudging Women.

BY ELM ORLOU.

It is sad to be "heart-weary and full of care," but add to that constant labor beyond one's strength, and you find a painfully sensitive, nervous, over-wrought nature, steadily wearing out as fast as possible.

Why not take a little time for rest and recreation? Is there nothing in life but drudgery?

That the body may be fed and clothed, why starve and let the mind wither.

There are women all over the land who think they never have time to read, even the newspaper. Only the one theme of work, work, work for the mind to dwell upon.

No wonder that little vexations assume alarming proportions—that many pretty, merry, laughing maids forget how to laugh in womanhood—that these women become fretful and garrulous. Men wonder at the change time has wrought; often time has less to do with the matter than they themselves.

Many a husband who means to be kind, allows his wife to work and slave herself almost into the grave, thinking he cannot afford to hire help in the kitchen.

In the fields the farmer has men to help him to enrich and prepare the soil for planting, but in a few years strength and vegetation are exhausted.

If that tired, over-taxed wife only had somebody to save her a few steps in the day, it would do her so much good.

Her heart would be glad and light, too, at such an unexpected evidence of affection and tender care—and her health, which is failing fast, might be speedily restored.

Stop work early enough in the day to take a little ride in the country—that is, if you happen to be the happy possessor of a turnout, otherwise walk out and let the fresh breezes blow away all petty cares while you enjoy the sunshine and sweet songs of birds.

Then go home and read for a half hour or longer, and see if you do not feel like a new being.

Beautiful thoughts will fill your mind, and kindness will take the place in the heart where long lingering resentments have been.

You cannot hope to prosper and be happy, if you abuse your strength of body or mind.

The Bible says that God rested after six days' labor—so ought a woman to rest when she is tired?

The Honor of a True Soldier.

The late Sir Charles Napier was taken prisoner at the battle of Corunna, struck down and severely wounded within the enemy's position, when the 50th was recalled after their daring charge, led by Napier and Stanhope, his brother major, which so excited the admiration of Sir John Moore that with almost his last words he exclaimed: "Well done, my majors!" When Napier had in a measure recovered from his wounds, some of the good folk of the town went to him, the only British officer we believe that had been captured, urging him to accompany them, as they had prepared means for his escape and embarkation for England. He told them that he could not possibly avail himself of their kind offer. "Why so," said one of them, "you are not on parole?"

"True," Napier replied, "but the kind attention I have received, and the evident confidence reposed in me by Marshal Soult, I feel to be even, if possible, more binding than any parole." We will add that, shortly after this honorable conduct of Napier, the Marshal told him that he would give him leave to return to his country, on condition of his undertaking to induce the authorities to send to France, in exchange for himself, any officer of his own rank then on parole in England; but as the Emperor might not approve of this, he required further of Napier, that he would give his word that, if he should hear from him in the course of three months to that effect, he would surrender himself to him, the Marshal, be he where he might, either in Russia or elsewhere. The assigned period having expired, Napier succeeded in effecting an exchange. Thus the often necessary harshness and severity of war may be softened by a strict adherence to the laws of honor.

A FISH STORY.—The fish were lately so numerous in the river at Huntsford, Wis., as for a time to seriously interfere with the running of the mills there, thousands of the finny tribe clogging the wheels of the machinery. The fish were of the largest varieties—pickerel, black bass, and pike—and were easily fished out with pitchforks, rakes, and other novel angling implements.

THE ABDUCTION.

A TALE OF THE SWISS ALPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY JOSEPH H. CLOUD.

On a high ledge of rocks, at the foot of one of the Alps mountains, near the close of a lovely day in spring, many years ago, there stood a fine-looking young man of the age of two-and-twenty. He was plainly but neatly attired in a suit of gray cloth. On one arm was swung a valise, and against a small tree, under whose branches he was then standing, leaned an Alpine staff, denoting that the young Swiss was a traveller, or that he was just setting out upon a journey. There was a look of more than ordinary intelligence in his manly face. His forehead was high and well formed, his eyes a dark gray. A pleasant smile played upon his handsome features, giving them an agreeable and attractive appearance. And yet there was a somewhat pensive expression upon his brow. Beside him stood a beautiful Swiss maiden, over whose fair head eighteen summers had lightly passed. Her face wore an expression of tenderness and intelligence that would attract the attention of the most careless observer. But, like her companion, there was a look in her soft, beautiful eyes that told, plainly as words could have told, that something not altogether agreeable in its nature was occupying her thoughts.

We have just observed that they were standing on a high ledge of rocks near the foot of the mountains. At a considerable distance below them flowed the limpid waters of a stream, which stretched away down a lovely and picturesque valley, and was only lost to view behind a projecting cliff a mile or two below. Behind them lay the well-cultivated fields of a wealthy Swiss farmer, and before them towered the lofty peaks of the Alps, on whose rugged sides the trees, which struggled seemingly for a firm footing, were covered with a rich foliage, the whole presenting a scene sublimely grand to the eye of the wondering beholder.

Two or three rods to the right of our young friends, at the extremity of the ledge, on a less abrupt yet somewhat precipitous part of the hill leading down to the stream, grew a dense thicket of underbrush, around which clusters of beautiful and fantastically colored flowers waved in rich profusion in the soft evening breeze. The hand of the young girl was clasped firmly but tenderly in that of her companion, and they were earnestly conversing, though in a low tone.

"Then you will return in two weeks without fail, Wilheim?" the girl remarked, with a tender, almost pleading voice as she looked up anxiously in the young man's face. He gazed fixedly down into the sweet face of the gentle maiden, and saw that a tear moistened her eye as she spoke.

"Yes, Idutha, dear Idutha, I will return at that time unless providentially hindered," he replied. "I hope you do not doubt me, my love," he continued, as he looked even more earnestly into her lustrous eyes, pressed her hand more firmly, and then imprinted a warm kiss upon her lips.

"No, no, dear Wilheim," she said; "you know I do not, cannot doubt you. Why do you ask me that?"

"Pardon me, my sweet Idutha," returned the young man affectionately, "I suppose it is natural enough for you to speak and act as you do, knowing that we are so soon to separate, and convinced as I am that you love me tenderly; and yet your frequent interrogations as to my returning at the appointed time barely suggested to me the idea that you entertained fears of my forgetting that promise when I am gone."

"No, Wilheim," she said rather pensively. "It is not that. I have no fears of your forgetting your promise; I know that you love me, your past conduct has convinced me of that. But—" Here she hesitated, and her eyes sought the ground.

"But what? dearest!" asked Wilheim, with a quick emphasis. "Speak, my own darling Idutha. What is it you fear? what is it oppresses you? I know there is something you have not told me yet. Look up, Idutha, and tell me, oh, tell me all!"

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear, good Wilheim," she answered, looking up again into her lover's face, whose eyes were now fixed upon her with an inquiring gaze. "It is nothing but a foolish fancy, I suppose; yet I must confess there is an undefinable dread or foreboding of coming evil, so fixed upon my mind that I cannot shake it off."

"Nonsense, love," he replied, tenderly. "It is but natural that you should feel that way, and doubtless only a fancy as you remarked. Dismiss it from your mind at once, dearest."

She looked into his searching eyes for a little while with intense interest, and then gently, slowly shook her head.

"Oh, Idutha, my love, what is it you fear? It will trouble me exceedingly if am compelled to leave you thus."

She hesitated a moment, and then said, "oh, Wilheim, that wicked Morset; he it is that I fear."

"Morset! Morset! Why do you fear him, Idutha? He is mean enough to do anything, I know, but he is a low, cowardly villain, and I do not fear him. As for yourself you need only keep out of his way, and have nothing to do with him. There is surely no danger that he will pick you up as a cat would a mouse and run away with you, I presume," he said with a light laugh, and yet there was something in his looks which told that the mention of that name made no agreeable impression upon his mind. The girl smiled at her lover's remark, and then her countenance resumed its former uneasy expression. After a moment's silence she again spoke in a troubled voice:

"Oh! Wilheim, you know that he swore he would have revenge, and unless I am much mistaken he is a desperate man."

"Still, I repeat, he is a coward, Idutha, and I have no fears that he will put his cowardly threats into execution," returned Wilheim, in a resolute, though, it was easily observed, an uneasy manner.

"You should have seen that man as I saw him, and heard him speak as I heard him speak, dear Wilheim, when I rejected him, to fully appreciate my reasons for entertaining so much dread, such fearful apprehensions of him," rejoined Idutha, dejectedly.

"Ah! only the silly threat of a jilted suitor uttered under the impulse of the moment, and as soon forgotten no doubt," said Wilheim, with a vain effort to laugh away his own uneasiness and Idutha's fears.

"Well," replied the latter, "it may be so; but I cannot shake off the fear that he will yet carry out that threat, and bring trouble of some kind upon me at no distant day."

"I must urge, dearest, that your fears are groundless," returned the other. "But what are you afraid he will do, Idutha?" he continued.

"Oh, I do not know, Wilheim, but I wish your business did not compel you to go away," she answered, with the same dejected tone.

"I regret it as much perhaps as you do, Idutha, and yet I must go," he said. "But why," he asked, "do you make that remark?"

"I hardly know, dear Wilheim, but I have a kind of presentiment or foreboding, I hardly know what it is, but something seems to tell me that when you go away we shall not meet again, or that at least some great evil is in store for us," she answered as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and hot tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Idutha, my love," he said as he pressed her to his bosom, "you are taking this matter too much to heart. Your useless apprehensions will make you very unhappy, I fear, and it pains me to have to leave you thus if you still persist in them, and yet the time is swiftly passing, and I must soon go. Oh do not entertain these baseless fears longer, Idutha. You have only thought too much about that poor braggart's silly threat, which, added to the somewhat unpleasant fact that we must separate for a while has made you unhappy, that is all."

"Only think, Wilheim, how often you travel through these lonely mountains without a companion, and even now, this afternoon, you must traverse that solitary road. How easy it would be for him to surprise you there, and to wreak upon you the vengeance he has threatened to visit upon one or both of us," the girl tearfully remarked.

"Have no fears of that, my dear Idutha," replied Wilheim; "he will have to be sharp if he surprises me; I am always on my guard when I travel through these mountains, and I defy any one to take me by surprise. See here!" he continued, as he drew from his pocket a bright pistol, which fairly glistened in the rays of the sun that stole through the branches of the tree. "It would not be well for any one to attempt to molest me while I possess this."

Idutha looked earnestly at the pistol, which to her appeared a formidable weapon, and then exclaimed,

"Oh, Wilheim! you wouldn't shoot a man would you? It would be so dreadful! And yet you might find it useful in case Morset should ever attempt to take your life. What's that!" she exclaimed, startled by a slight rustling sound in the thicket just described.

Both the lovers looked round and saw the bushes move—and a moment after a stone, which from some cause had been detached from its place in the thicket, rolled out and bounded away down the declivity into the stream below, splashing the water for some rods around, and slightly startling both the lovers. Idutha looked inquiringly into Wilheim's face, but said nothing.

"Only some small animal, perhaps a squirrel, seeking for food among the bushes," the latter at length remarked. "However, I will see what I can find there," he continued, and going to the edge of the thicket, and parting the bushes, he tried to peer in through the dense undergrowth, but he could not see three feet beyond where he stood. He tried several other places with no better success, and so steep was the hill, and so craggy were the rocks below, that it would have been dangerous for him to attempt to go through the bushes, even were it possible. He therefore returned to Idutha, who looked pale and uneasy, remarking as he came up to her,

"I think there is nothing there worth searching for. And now, Idutha," he continued, taking her hand in his, and looking earnestly into the face of the lovely girl, "I must bid you adieu for a while. Gladly enough would I linger here longer with you; but see," he said, pointing toward the sun, "time is swiftly passing, and I must reach the village before nightfall and be ready to prosecute my journey by early morning. Dismiss those gloomy forebodings from your mind; and may God bless you, my sweet one. Aye, Idutha, put your trust in Him who has said that all things shall work together for good to those who love Him."

"I will do so, dear Wilheim; and I will pray that His protecting care may be extended to you,—that we may soon meet again," she replied, as she put up her mouth to his for a last kiss before parting.

One impassioned kiss was printed upon the pretty Idutha's lips—and then Wilheim took up his valise and staff, and immediately started on his journey. Idutha watched her lover with pain at her heart, as he followed the road down along the valley. Two or three times she saw him look back, and then he was lost to sight behind a clump of trees.

A deep-drawn sigh escaped her, and big tear-drops coursed down her cheeks, as she turned to retrace her steps homeward. As she did so, she was again startled by a noise in the thicket. The bushes were violently shaken, accompanied by a crushing of dry brush and leaves, as if by some one walking. An incontrollable fear fell upon her this time, and she walked hastily up the path which led to the house, which was a quarter of a mile away. A cold chill crept over her flesh, and her whole frame seemed to tremble.

When she had gained an elevated spot overlooking the valley below, and so near the house as to place her beyond danger, even should any exist, she paused and looked away in the direction her lover had gone, hoping to catch one more glimpse of the object of her young heart's first and only love. She descried a man hastily walking down the valley, but it was not Wilheim; of that she was confident, it was not her lover's walk, and besides, he didn't appear to have either a valise or a staff. This discovery rather increased her apprehensions, but it was by no means an uncommon thing for men to travel that road on foot, and at all hours of the day, she therefore strove to banish the thought from her mind, and went on to the house.

Reader, let us follow that man for a short time. He is a dark-eyed man, with heavy, black whiskers and moustache, and rather long, dark hair. His features might have been handsome, and even agreeable, had it not been for the dark demon that leered from his flashing eyes, and the scowl that rested on his brow, which were probably now more plainly visible as he hastened along over the rough road, closely watching everything around him, as if seeking a prey, or desiring to avoid some hidden foe, occasionally muttering something to himself which appeared to be threats intermingled with coarse oaths.

"Aha!" he at length exclaimed. "I will teach him how to call me a braggart and a villain—and I will let him know that I am not a coward either. He shall repent this; and more, he shall repent his interference between me and that lovely girl! I know that I could have finally succeeded in gaining Idutha's hand, had it not been for him. Curse him! *curse him!* But she shall be mine yet; I will make her glad to yield, or die, but *not alone!* Ah! Morset is a coward, is he? We shall see, we shall see! Lucky, that he didn't discover me."

Thus muttered this dark villain, as, hastily, but cautiously, he went on his way down the valley. He had not proceeded a mile, however, when he came to a point where the road turned somewhat to the left, and on the right a large and dense thicket extended to the foot of the mountain and for some distance up its craggy side. Here the man paused a moment, looked carefully around him, and then crawled cautiously through the thick underbrush, following a dim path. On, on he went, to the mountain, and for some way up, over rocks and through the thick brush, until he reached a spot from which the sky was entirely concealed; dark and gloomy almost as midnight. Here a stout donkey was tied to a limb by a strong cord, which he hastened to loose, and as hastily mounting the animal, rode away up the mountain side, along a path which appeared almost impracticable for man or beast, and yet the faithful donkey picked its way along apparently with but little difficulty. A quarter of a mile above, a smoother road was reached, when the man put spurs to the animal and galloped along in a direction nearly parallel with the valley road below.

When Idutha had arrived at the house she went to her own room, and sitting down by a window, where the cool evening breeze fanned her brow, with her elbow on the window-sill, she leaned her head upon her hand and was soon absorbed in deep thought. A presentiment that some terrible evil was in store for her lover or herself, with which Morset would in some way be connected, had so fastened itself upon her mind that she found it impossible to expel it from her thoughts. Indeed, with every passing moment her fears were increased, until the terrible suspense she suffered amounted almost to torture. She imagined her lover waylayed by Morset in the lonely mountains, and either ruthlessly murdered, or carried away by that cruel man and his friends, a prisoner to some miserable den to suffer the vengeance he had solemnly sworn to visit upon him.

Idutha Brenberg was an orphan, and an heiress. Her parents both died when she was very young, leaving her heir to a large estate. Mr. Brenberg, the man with whom she lived, and whose hospitable roof had for several years afforded her a pleasant home, was a distant relative of hers, and her guardian. He was an excellent man, kind and generous in the extreme; and both he and his good wife appeared to love Idutha as though she were their own child. With Morset Idutha had been acquainted for some years. He had come into the neighborhood when she was not more than fifteen years old, and soon after his arrival met her at a social party, a short distance from where she resided. Her exceeding beauty immediately fired his soul with passion, and his desire and determination to possess her seemed soon to have become almost a part of his being. The youthful beauty was not long in becoming aware of the fact that the dark-eyed stranger adored and almost worshiped her. And there was not a doubt that he did love her as truly and devotedly as his sordid nature would admit of his loving any being on earth.

Idutha, however, avoided him from the very first, for there was something in his dark eyes that she did not like; besides, she was well aware that she was too young to receive the marked attentions of any one, and especially of a stranger. But Morset had determined from the start not to allow himself to be foiled or to admit of defeat. Everything was done that he could do to win her affections; every attention was paid to her that a gallant knight could have paid to his lady love, and no sacrifice was ever too great for him to make that he believed could in any way add anything to her happiness; and it was not long until he had the satisfaction of knowing that his cunning artifice, together with his good looks, had made an impression on her sensitive heart. Yet it was by no means certain that she really loved him. She had come to regard him as a handsome young man, and one whose better nature prompted him to do right, yet there was that in his countenance which caused her to shrink from him and to avoid him; a look that told, to close observers at least, of a lurking fiend within, which, when once aroused, would but too evidently change the man to a demon. And yet so adroitly had he managed his card that Idutha was soon but too surely, though almost imperceptibly, yielding herself a victim to the power of the wily Morset. She was beginning to be rather pleased than otherwise with his attentions to her. She walked with him to church, attended parties with him, and occasionally, though not often, she strolled with him through the green fields and down to the stream that flowed at the foot of the mountain, and with him viewed the grandeur of its sublime scenery.

And so confident had Morset become of the success of his efforts to win the heart of the lovely girl, that scarcely a year had elapsed since his first acquaintance with her when he offered her his hand in marriage. It was after enjoying one of those pleasant walks down to the mountain stream, when as they stood on the very ledge referred to in the beginning of this story, talking of the delightful scenery around them, he took her pretty white hand in his and told her how passionately he had loved her from the moment he first saw her, and implored her to become his wife.

Notwithstanding she had so unresistingly permitted him to draw her into his meshes, she was nevertheless greatly surprised at this avowal and the offer that accompanied it; for although she could not have denied the fact that she liked him, yet she had never for a single moment thought of marrying him, and his declarations only had the effect more vividly to remind her of the opinion she had at first formed of him; and now more than ever before did the conviction force itself upon her that there was something in his wolfish eyes which bespoke a nature totally unfitted for safe companionship. She looked into his eyes for a moment, and then attempting to extricate her hand from his grasp, she said:

"No, Mr. Morset, no! I cannot be your wife; I am too young to think of marrying any one."

The look of surprise, disappointment and displeasure visible in Morset's face as he fixed his eyes upon her with a wondering gaze, fairly startled her. Carefully and shrewdly had he played his part. It had been evident to him that when they first met she had regarded him with actual dislike, and it had been with unbounded pleasure that he had watched the marked change in her demeanor toward him and her appreciation of his attentions. From evident disfavor she had, seemingly at least, come to regard him with esteem. At first she had received his visits coldly, and had even avoided him; of late she had welcomed him cordially, and for some time he had not doubted that she really loved him. He had long and impatiently awaited for the time to come when it would be safe for him to proffer her his hand; he believed that time had come, and was totally unprepared for this pointed rejection of his suit. Hence his surprise and chagrin.

But his better judgment told him that storming and raving would accomplish nothing except his certain defeat, and his countenance soon changed from an expression of passion to tenderness and even sorrow. Again he poured forth his tale of love in her ear, assuring her that for some time he had not doubted that she had reciprocated his love, and entreated her to reconsider her decision.

"Mr. Morset," she at length said, after regaining her self-possession, "I have endeavored to treat you as a gentleman and with the respect due to a gentleman; I confess that I have liked you as a friend; I have enjoyed your society, the more so, perhaps, because I have no very near relatives, and you have treated me kindly; but if you have believed that I loved you well enough to become your wife, you have greatly misunderstood me, for I have never thought of marrying you, and if you do not wish to incur my displeasure, please do not mention this subject to me again. "I hope, though," she continued, looking him kindly in the face, "I hope we shall continue to be good friends."

The last words were uttered so kindly that it surprised him. When she had finished she reached out her hand and said, "Come, Mr. Morset, let us go back to the house."

They accordingly turned and walked slowly up the path.

Idutha doubtless had a two-fold reason for the kindly manner in which she terminated, for the time at least, Morset's love-making and love-declarations. In the first place she did not wish to appear discourteous or unfeeling, having no desire to wound the feelings of a man who had always treated her with the gallantry of a refined gentleman and the kindness of a faithful friend, and whose only crime, so far as she was concerned at least, was that he had just laid his heart at her feet and told her that he loved her passionately, and she did not doubt that he had told her the truth.

In the second place, although in some respects he seemed kindly disposed, yet she believed or feared that he possessed a revengeful disposition, which would soon manifest itself when his anger was once aroused, and she desired to get rid of him in as amicable a manner as possible.

But Morset had no intention of giving her up. He had resolved when they first met that the beautiful Swiss maiden should one day be his wife, and he now, no less than before, determined and secretly swore that he would in some way accomplish what he had purposed; and that should his gallantry, his kindness, his entreaty, his personal appearance and his money all fail him, he would then resort to other and sterner means.

It was at about this time that Idutha first saw Wilheim Stenhope. He had come from a distant town in Switzerland to visit Mr. Brenberg, to whose wife he was distantly related, and whom he had not seen for several years. He was welcomed by the Brenberg family, not only on his own personal account, but in remembrance of his father, between whom and Brenberg a warm friendship had long existed. Of Wilheim, Brenberg had often spoken to Idutha in the highest terms; although he had not seen him for some years, he knew him to be the best of young men, and further, that he should insist on Wilheim's visiting them in order that she might become acquainted with him.

To all this Idutha paid little or no attention, further than to listen respectfully to her guardian's words, thinking it more than probable that all his complimentary remarks were prompted by the high value he placed upon the Stenhope family as kinsmen, and the strong ties of friendship that existed between them, for she well knew that there was not a man on earth who occupied so large a share of Brenberg's good, kind heart as did the elder Stenhope; and, although she did not doubt the correctness of all her guardian had said, yet she pictured the young Swiss in her mind as a very commonplace, good-hearted, nice young man, whom she should probably be delighted to regard as a friend. She however looked forward to his long promised visit with pleasure, for she often grew lonely in that mountainous region, with no father nor mother, no brother nor sister, to gladden her warm heart by their presence, and she hoped she might find in the young man a brother, and receive from him a brother's love. As to marrying him, she had not the remotest idea; she did not expect to love him well enough for that, and she had resolved never to marry any man on whom she could not bestow her heart's entire affection.

Never, perhaps, was maiden more agreeably surprised than was Idutha when Wilheim finally came. Instead of the commonplace, good-hearted boy she had expected to see, she saw before her a tall, erect, noble looking and handsome young man, with a look of intelligence possessed by few in that rural district. Above all he possessed a kind and generous heart. How different, she thought, were her first opinions of Wilheim Stenhope, and the impression made upon her sensitive heart by the noble bearing of the young man, from those produced by her first acquaintance with Morset. Wilheim was delighted with the appearance of the young lady of whom Brenberg had so often spoken in his letters, and charmed by her surpassing beauty and loveliness. The result of this acquaintance has already been indicated.

But ah! a jealous eye was ever upon them. Morset, driven almost to desperation by a hopeless love and a burning jealousy, was watching their every movement and secretly scheming a terrible revenge. But he had resolved not to be in haste to bring about his meditated vengeance. Idutha was a prize he could not afford to relinquish without a struggle, and the hope that he might yet succeed in winning her away from Wilheim caused him to delay the execution of his mad scheme. He still remained as kind and attentive to Idutha as her coyness would admit of his being. The latter continued to treat him with politeness, but shunned and avoided him as often as she could without incurring the risk of arousing his anger; for, since the day he had asked her to be his wife, she had entertained a constant fear of him.

Time rolled on, and a year or more had passed since Idutha's engagement with Wilheim, when she was not a little surprised by another passionate story of love from Morset. He knelt at her feet, and in the most passionate terms rehearsed the old story, with which he had thought to thrill her impulsive and loving young heart two years before. Every endearing epithet was employed that love's magic spell could invent, he declaring in the most vehement manner that he must forever be wretched and miserable if she refused to love him and to become his wife. At first she looked down upon him with a feeling of commiseration, she could call it nothing else. But she had become tired and impatient of his importunities, and she resolved to put a stop to them at once. Her countenance changed from an expression of compassion to contempt, and with an impatient gesture she said:

"Rise, Mr. Morset, rise and go! Why do you continue to importune me thus? Have I not told you that I could not be your wife? I tell you now, once for all, I do not love you, I never have loved you, and I will never be your wife, *never*."

If Idutha had been startled by his look before, she was frightened now. He rose to his feet, and advancing a step towards her, he bent upon her a look never to be forgotten by her. His countenance was livid with rage; his eyes glared like globes of fire, and with a menacing voice and a burst of passion he said:

"I warn you, Idutha, beware what you say to me! A whole year, by your coquettish smiles and winning words, you led me on, making me believe that you loved me, only to cast me from you as though I were a toy, a child's plaything. Even when I first told my love to you, you told me that you liked me! But I know why it is that I am treated thus, and I know who is the cause of it all! It is Wilheim Stenhope; but he shall pay dearly for this. I will be revenged, terribly revenged!" With bitter oaths he continued for some minutes to hurl threats upon Idutha and her lover, and then concluded by saying, "Adieu! cruel, faithless Idutha! But remember, *we meet again!*"

Then, without giving her time to reply, he turned and walked hastily away, and soon after left the neighborhood.

This incident occurred only a few days previous to the separation of Wilheim and Idutha, already referred to in the opening of this narrative. Day after day Idutha awaited the time for her lover's return, with a painful anxiety. He had always been remarkable for his punctuality, and she felt certain that if no evil had befallen him he would return at the expiration of the two weeks, as he had promised. Two long, weary weeks they were to the faithful young watcher. The vindictive words of Morset rang like a death knell in her ears, and the fiendish look he gave her haunted her day and night. She was to become Wilheim's bride soon after his return, and on her eighteenth birthday. The time of her marriage had only been communicated to a few of her friends, but it was not improbable that Morset had been apprised of it before he left, and she was fearful that he would in some way endeavor to execute his promised revenge in time to prevent the wedding. The awful fear that her lover would meet in deadly combat with his enraged rival in the mountains, or that the latter, like the lurking demon that he was, would lay in wait for him and murder him in some secluded spot, almost drove her wild with torturing suspense.

The two weeks were ended at last. The time for Wilheim's return came, but, alas! he came not with it. We will not attempt to describe the terrible anguish that lacerated the bleeding heart of poor Idutha Brenberg, as day after day passed, and her lover did not return. She communicated her fears to her guardian and his wife, but they only laughed, as Wilheim had already done, when she informed them of Morset's threats, both agreeing in the supposition that Wilheim's detention was only the result of his failure to adjust the business he was transacting in time to return when he had expected to.

One evening, nearly a week after the day set for her lover's arrival, Idutha walked down to the ledge to watch and wait for his appearance. For a long time she stood upon the high ledge, looking anxiously down the valley below. The sun was fast sinking in the West, but she heeded it not; one theme alone occupied all her thoughts. Presently she walked farther down, and to the farther side of the thicket, for from that point she could obtain a more distant view of the road below. The sun went down, but she had not noticed it, and it was not until the gathering shades of night began to shut out the more distant objects from view that she was reminded of the lateness of the hour. She turned quickly around to go home, but as she did so she uttered a cry of surprise and fear.

Morset, the dreaded, hated Morset, stood before her!

He looked upon her for a moment with a fiendish smile, and then advancing and extending his hand, he said:

"You will not refuse to shake hands with me, Idutha?"

But the poor girl shrank from him in affright. He quickly succeeded in grasping her hand, however, she scarcely knowing whether to offer resistance or not, fearing to offend him. No sooner was her hand firmly secured in his than he said:

"Idutha, my pretty one, do not be alarmed, you shall not be harmed, but come, you must go with me."

"Oh! merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the affrighted girl as the awful truth flashed into her mind that she was Morset's prisoner. "Oh let me go! let me go!" she continued as she struggled terribly to free herself from his grasp.

"Cease your fruitless efforts, Idutha," he said, "and do not give any alarm, or it will be the worse for you. But come with me, come without further resistance, and I repeat, you shall not be harmed."

"Oh, Morset, Morset! what are you going to do with me?" she asked with a wail of hopeless despair as she ceased to struggle, and stood before her captor, trembling like an aspen and ready to sink down with weakness and fear.

"We will discuss that matter another time," he replied decisively, though not harshly. "Suffice it for the present to know that you are in my hands and in my power, and that you *must* go with me; and the more quietly you go the better it will be for you. But remember that you are in the hands of one who loves you, not only truly, but desperately, and I will not let you escape me, now that I have you in my power, even if it cost both your life and mine."

She looked up into his face with a look

of terrible entreaty, and then feebly articulated:

"Oh, Morset, let—let me go!"

A sickening sensation came over her; she felt her strength rapidly failing, her head became dizzy, she reeled, and was falling, when she felt Morset's arms around her. He lifted her into his arms, and started off at a brisk pace. The fainting girl languidly opened her eyes and perceived that he was bearing her swiftly away down into the valley, and toward the mountains, and then consciousness became dethroned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Charlie Griffiths Paid for His Company.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

The first few days passed rather drearily with Laura; she missed Charlie's voice ringing out the latest scraps of news from the mess, and she missed her afternoon stroll with him on the parade; indeed, she eschewed the parade altogether, preferring to take the air in unfashionable outskirts, rather than risk the probability of her appearance being remarked upon in other than the way she wished. So she felt dull and mopish, and half regretted her obstinacy of temper, which had left her thus stranded on her own resources; but a letter from Charlie, full of his doings on the "boat" and the festivities on landing, put her more at home with herself, added to which, the weather suddenly broke up, and so the consideration of her winter dresses became necessary, and left her but few moments for any other thoughts.

Truth to say, she felt rather aggrieved at the tone of her husband's letter. She had pictured him with a troubled brow, as she saw him last, trailing after him his load of mortified love and disappointment, and was fully anticipating a continuation on paper of the pleadings which he had tried so vainly in person. And no doubt the letter was a mistake—one that an older or less impulsive nature would have avoided; but the fresh sea-air, and sudden freedom from the trifling home restraints (putting aside all remembrance of his past few days' experiences), sent the hot young blood coursing through his veins in a very intoxication of animal spirits, blotting out the Laura of the past week, and replacing her by the Laura of his faith and love, and so overflowing in his great sprawling handwriting that they covered the whole of two sheets of note-paper.

Captain Clements, according to promise, had dropped in on Laura several times, more by way of acting strictly up to the letter of Charlie's instructions than with any hope of helping Charlie's wife; indeed the captain's general imbecility on any of the economies of domestic life would have interfered materially with such expectations, had not the lady herself, almost at the outset of their mutual acquaintance, shown most unmistakably, not only her ability, but her intention to take care of herself. Once he had touched on the subject of her departure for Ireland; but Laura gave him so plainly to understand that she didn't at all mean to go for asking at second-hand, that, like a prudent man, he dropped the subject, and determined to let any future hints on the matter come from Ireland itself.

These two minor details, however, settled to Laura's satisfaction, nothing could be more pleasant than those quiet afternoon receptions, a fact the gallant captain acknowledged, without more ado, by appearing every afternoon about the same hour, and sitting till mess-time, watching Laura's deft fingers threading the mazes of her everlasting "tatting" from the comfortable vantage-ground of Charlie's vacated easy-chair.

But the days sped; the golden-leaved autumn was fast becoming leafless winter, Laura's fingers were growing more and more indistinct in the lengthening twilight, and the watchful captain came and went, but still no sign of her departure.

Charlie's letters had dropped off little by little—he was away in the wilds, without a post-office; or he was absent on a week's leave, shooting; or, in fact, any excuse that presented itself to save his never-too-nimble fingers from a frequent correspondence. Besides, he had confessed to himself, and had hinted the same to Laura, that her determination was, after all, the best thing for both of them; the country town his lot had fallen in being woefully destitute of civilization, and anything but a desirable place for a wife of Laura's calibre; and so having eased his mind of the last faint vestiges of his disappointment, he had set himself down to enjoy life as he found it after his usual hearty manner. And so it happened that Charlie came to be just a little forgotten; and, from sitting in his easy-chair on Charlie's account, the captain (as the servants invariably termed him) took to sitting in it on his own.

Laura was no flighty young thing with perpetual "gush" at command, ready to smile sweetly on any man willing to fling away his hours in her service, but a very self-asserting woman of six and twenty years, who, during the last six, had graduated with honors in all the tests provided by residence in a garrison town, and, having secured the prize, had retired from the contest only to find herself, when scarce out of earshot of its struggles, all but free to join the throng again.

And Clements was by no means an inglorious prop on which to lean in such re-entry. A man in the full vigor of life, well read, travelled, and, above all, good-looking, with a fund of pleasant talk at his fingers-ends that never wasted itself in namby-pamby, but flowed easily along without boring by its cleverness—just skirting that pleasant line beyond which to deviate is dangerous—its very danger making it all the pleasanter; a man a woman would first be fascinated with, and finally would be afraid of.

At least, so Laura found him, and was ever so cautious when the conversation turned, as words will turn, be we ever so righteous, towards that debatable region, and would purse up her rosy lips, and give such a dexterous turn to the matter, that the captain at once found himself back on the beaten track again, and hardly conscious of quitting it.

But, though Charlie was forgotten, it was only comparatively, and his name would often crop up in their *tete-a-tetes*, when Clements was always loud in praises of his absent friend—praises not so pleasing to Laura as he imagined, for she held an odd feeling of proprietorship in her husband, which she fancied was interfered with, did any one evince more than ordinary partiality for him; and so it came about that the captain, finding himself almost invariably turned at this point, fell gradually into the mistaken notion that Laura did not care for her husband to a greater extent than mere conventionalities exacted.

Such small things bring about great ones—tiny straws show the river's course, and little thoughts beget great actions. But the river looks smooth and safe far up from the breakers at its mouth; and actions are dim with the mists of futurity thick upon them, and the captain sat and watched, and never dreamed that the cloud no bigger than the hand was even then darkening the sky that seemed so clear and fair.

There was to be a dinner at the Smithsons', and Laura must go. Mrs. Blessington Smithson was adamant; and Laura, being of a less mineral character, after many protestations, accepted her fate and the invitation.

There was a crowd in the drawing-room, as there always was at the Smithsonian banquets—a crowd in the procession down stairs, and a crowd in the dining-room, owing to defective organization of cards, and the rush of the bolder spirits for the fire-place; and so Laura found herself seated next the person of all others she most whished to avoid—Miss Evylyn James!

Evylyn was not in Laura's set, and their acquaintance had never warmed into anything less frigid than a passing bow; and so she was totally unconscious of the catastrophe her idle words had brought about; for had she known but a tithe of that history, she would as soon have thought of taking the seat, as a man with a lighted cigar would think of lounging on a powder-barrel.

As it was, however, undeterred by Laura's frozen bow, Evylyn opened her batteries at once.

"I hope Captain Griffiths is quite well?"

"Quite, thank you!" returned Laura.

"I'm sure he must find Ireland dreadfully dull, and the accounts are so shocking too of all the murders and horrid things they do!"

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes. Did you see to-day about the man they found out in a field, after having walked over I don't know how many mountains, covered with cabbages, and tracked by the dreadful blood on his shoes through two rivers."

"I don't read the papers," interrupted Laura, distantly.

"I've so often wished to know you, Mrs. Griffiths," recommenced Evy, after an awkward pause; "it seems so stupid that we should not be friends, when I've known your husband so long, and was such friends with him, ever so long ago; of course, before he knew you, I mean. Do you know I was quite jealous when I heard he was going to be married,—wasn't it naughty?"

"Very," said Laura, with a slight sneer.

"Because I really thought—only, of course, it was very stupid of me to think anything about it—but then nobody could help liking him, and thinking just a little about it;" and Evy gave a sigh, and blushed.

"We thought you were never going to appear again," she continued, after another pause, "I declare you've been quite like a nun since Captain Griffiths left. Oh, dear! what a bad wife I shall be. I'm sure I couldn't stop in if my husband went away for ever so long."

"I suppose not," sneered Laura.

"But then, I'm so different to other girls—at least, so every one tells me—I suppose it is meant for a compliment, for Captain Griffiths told me so too, only not like that of course; he says things so nicely. But you know that much better than me—don't you?" said Evy, forgetting her grammar. Laura turned away angrily; and a sudden lull falling over the table, poor Evy's sentence was heard far and wide, much to her confusion, and Laura's disgust.

Once up-stairs, Evy, who had felt rather badly treated on the whole during dinner, soon recovered her spirits, and held court on the fender-stool to some half-dozen of her dearest friends.

"What were you chattering about, Evy, down-stairs?" they asked in chorus.

"Chattering indeed!" I should like to hear any one chatter with that Mr. Parker—why, he's a perfect muff, dear; and Mrs. Griffiths was so cross, I couldn't get a word out of her either."

"I thought you didn't know her," said the girl.

"We only bow when we meet, you know; but then I know her husband, and that's as good as knowing her."

"A good deal better," sighed another.

"I should think so indeed," joined in the chorus.

"Parties have been nothing since he left," chimed in a third.

"No, indeed. And what fun those duets were with him!"

"And what a love he was in a valse!"

"And ever so much handsomer than Edwin Philips, though he has got a thousand a year!"

"Why didn't you do it, Evy?" asked the first. "Every one thought you could if you had liked."

"Ah! my dear, and didn't I like? But I hadn't a penny, and what was the use of thinking about it? If I had what Laura Benson had, perhaps she would not be Laura Griffiths now. O dear! I do wish I was rich!" with which original sentiment the little woman turned away with a sigh, and plumped full on Laura herself, who had come up during the last few words, looking very pale and angry indeed.

"It is very kind of Miss James to take so much interest in me," she said with a bitter sneer; "and I've no doubt Captain Griffiths will be equally obliged for your discriminating comments. I will take care to let him know of the charming champion he has in his absence."

"If you were with him, he would not want a champion at all," burst out Evy, growing red and white by turns, and wondering at her own audacity; but Laura turned away disdainfully, without noticing this little thrust; and the gentlemen coming in, further hostilities were suspended for the night.

When Laura got home, she was in a very sad temper indeed; and nothing else happening to her hand, it was but natural that she should visit her load of mortification on the head of her absent husband. And with poor unconscious Charlie she was very angry indeed, rooting up the war-hatchet, which had been decently buried ever since his departure, and feeling its edge, as keenly anxious for war as ever she was on that eventful afternoon at the croquet-ground. And on the same old grievance too—her money; yes, he had taken her for that; and all his protests and fine speeches about leaving her behind were only so much sham—mere blinds drawn over that inner heart of his, to hide those other loves still lingering there. And she stamped her pretty foot, and tore off her clothes with a haste that was fatal to many a cunningly placed button and lace, and then lay down in a vain hope for sleep to drown her thoughts, as wretched a woman as any in the slumbering town.

It was the afternoon of the following day, and the captain was sitting tete-a-tete with Laura in his accustomed seat. "I was so afraid there would have been a scene," Laura was saying, "and that would have been too ridiculous." She had smoothed her rumpled feathers, and outwardly was as cool and unconcerned as on any day of the previous weeks.

"I can't fancy Evy James mixed up in a scene," laughed the captain; "she's so intensely comic."

"Her impertinence was anything but comic. A girl I have always avoided, to tell me to my face that Charlie ought to have married her! Indeed, perhaps, if he had, it would have been better for both of us."

"And you'd have taken Mr. Punch's advice to parties about to marry, and have lived happy ever afterwards!"

"I don't know what his advice was—something silly, I suppose; but I do know it is not at all pleasant to be stared at by every one, as if one had stolen something, or hidden something away, or done something else that one ought not to have done; and all because my husband ought to be some one else's husband."

"Yes, the patriarchal system was best—share and share alike in husbands. What a lot of squabbles the good old Things must have avoided!"

"Was not Charlie very poor before we were married?" asked Laura abruptly, without noticing his remark.

"Yes, I suppose he was—about the same as most of us."

"I know. He told me he could not purchase unless I married him. A man must be very poor to be as poor as that."

"Well, yes," said the captain, wondering what she was driving at: "but there are lots of men who can't purchase; it's not an uncommon complaint."

"And what becomes of them, when they can't purchase?"

"Why, they"— And the captain shrugged his shoulders, and seemed rather puzzled how to account for the unfortunates. "You see some fellow dies, or there's an augmentation, or something or another turns up, and then they get the step for nothing."

"But suppose no fellow dies, or there's no augmentation, or nothing turns up, do they get it then?"

"No; not very well. But it's wonderful how those sort of men pull through—it's hard work, though."

"And if they don't pull through?" persisted Laura.

"Well, then, they sell out, or exchange, or die, or do something. One don't see much of them afterwards, poor devils!"

"Do you know why Captain Griffiths married me?" said Laura in such a strangely chilling tone, that Clements bent forward, and looked full in her face, as if he would read her meaning in it through the dusky twilight.

"Because he liked you, I suppose."

"Because he liked me! Ask Evylyn James whom he likes the better! Ask any pretty girl he has met these years past, whom he likes the best! Because he liked me! Because he liked what I could give him—because he did not wish to sell out—or exchange, or die, or do something—because he wanted to be seen much of afterwards; that is why Charlie Griffiths married me; that is why he has left me with his sham speeches and fine talk, to be the laughing stock of his more fortunate loves; to be pointed at, and whispered at, as the woman who was married for her money, and not for herself;" and Laura burst into such a passion of hysterical sobs, that Clements, little accustomed to such sights, was for ringing the house down for her maid, had not Laura, seeing his intention, stopped him in the act.

"No; don't ring, Captain Clements. I don't want every one to see my shame: it's bad enough for you, a stranger, to know it. I don't know why I told you a word about it—I'm sure I never meant to. It's all that Miss James, and her spiteful remarks.—Thank you; I'm better now;" and she made an effort to dry her tears in her tiny handkerchief, while Clements leaned over her with such words of consolation as his tongue could frame.

The situation was perplexing—it was dangerous. To bend over a tearful pretty woman, with just enough light left to glisten on the dark braids of her hair, and mark the dim outline of her figure below—to feel the wild throbs of her heart on his arm, and the rain-drops of her tears on his hand—in all the intoxication of their solitude to feel himself alone with the woman he had learned unconsciously to admire, whose very presence had grown into a charm to him—above all, to be alone with the woman who, in disowning her husband, in the mad paroxysm of her jealousy, had almost flung herself for comfort into his arms, must have tried the captain to the very core. Should he not press her stricken heart to his, and pour into her ears all the mad words of comfort and of love her passion seemed to crave for? What was there to prevent it, save a rising memory, blurred with his passion, dim with the mists of his new-found love—a thought whispering far down in the inmost depths, clear and truthful—the thought of a still honest man: "This is Charlie's wife—this is Charlie's charge!" He drew his hand away, and laid her head, all drooping with her sorrow, on the cushion. The violence of her grief was over, and she lay as he placed her, passive and silent, in the thick gathering darkness.

"Shall I ring for candles, Mrs. Griffiths?" he asked after ever so short a pause, and his hand moved towards the bell.

But Laura started up and laid her hand on his arm. "Stay! Captain Clements," she said eagerly: "you have surprised me in a moment of foolish weakness—of temper; call it anything you like, but forget it. There is something rises in my heart at times—pride, jealousy, anger, perhaps all three—that seems to turn my blood, and makes me feel all bad and hateful. It was so when Charlie left me; it was so just now. I ought to strive against it—I know I ought—but I can't. It's a black shadow that haunts me—makes me wretched—oh, so wretched!" she added with a shiver. "A shadow I can't avoid—a shadow that will ruin me—this is my excuse; accept it if you can; if not—good-by! You've been a friend to me—be one still, and forget to-night. You can ring now, if you please."

He waited in silence till the servant came, and then wished her "good-night," and went out into the gas-lit streets. For an instant he stood like one bewildered; then a cool rush of air passed across his brow, and he woke as from a dream. What was this change that had fallen on him? The same shops, the same streets, the same hurrying crowd—yet all changed to him, as he pushed along in a vain endeavor to stifle his new-born secret—the secret that her wild words had wreathed into such terrible distinctness—the secret of his love. Was it for this he had sat hour after hour beside his trust? Was all his honest purpose to come to this? Already his fair fame might be tarnished. Who knew but she had read his tale already? A touch—a breath, would tell it; the minutes had been dangerously long wherein he had bent over her in the darkness.

One thing was certain—the pleasant afternoons of the past weeks were ended; the cosy tete-a-tetes must cease; Laura's tatting must no longer be the topic of his tongue, Laura's doings no longer the objects of his anxiety: he must give up Laura if he would not give up himself; and, save on occasions, for the kind world's sake, Laura must give up him. What if he were to write to Laura's husband and hint at his return? It was a pleasant thought, and the captain's heart was all the lighter for it as he clambered the rough barrack stairs to his quarters.

But how to do it?

He could write to Charlie: yes, that was easy enough: Laura's anxiety to see him would be sufficient peg to hang his device upon; but Laura! how should he write to her? Or should he see her, and tell her all? No; he felt that was impossible: it must be on paper, or it must be left alone. So he called for some brandy and water and his pipe, and sat down in front of the fire with his writing-case before him, determined to finish his task at all hazards. But, after nibbling at his pen till it was mutilated past possible recognition even by its long-ago plucked owner, he was still as far from his task as ever; and then his sergeant knocked, and sent the whole train of his thoughts express-rate down the line nowhere. But though he was angry with him at the time, it happened that the captain's servant brought his master the only clue that could have enabled him to follow out his determination—namely, a letter from Charlie himself. It ran as follows:—

MY DEAR OLD BOY—I'm in a deuce of a scrape, and want you to help me out of it. The worst of it is that there's a girl in the case, and she's regularly let me in. She's a Miss O'Growsky, and her father's a lawyer, or attorney as they call it here; and they've found out I've got a wife in England, and, what is more, have ferreted out her address; and O'Growsky came sneaking into my rooms yesterday with a long story about trifling with his daughter's affections, and then pulled out a dirty scrap of paper with Laura's name and direction in round hand. It knocked me all of a heap, I can tell you, and then I knocked him down in return. I couldn't bear to see the fellow pawing her name as if it belonged to him, so I kicked the dirty little brute down-stairs, and swore I'd never speak to another girl as long as I was in the infernal country. But that was not all; for this morning comes a long letter, threatening me with assault, and goodness knows what beside, saying, if I don't stump up two hundred pounds, his daughter will write to my wife for it; and I believe she's beast enough to do it too. In fact, it's a regular plant, and no mistake; but I've been an ass, and must pay for it. Rather than a word of it should reach Laura, I'd pay the money a dozen times over if I had it—and that's just where the rub is. I've got a hundred, but must get the other in some way or another. I have written to Laura asking *her* to advance me the next quarter's money, making out it's a "bill" I've been let in for (what a brute a man becomes when he's got no one to look after him!); and I want you to put in a word for me with her; and if she can't do it, do, like a good fellow, get Cox's to lend it me for the three months; it's better than my writing—they refer letters to the "firm," and the "firm" refer them back to some one else, and I can't afford to keep the O'Growsky waiting. I have not tried to explain to you, old fellow, because I know you won't believe me to be the brute I appear; and I won't excuse myself to you, though Ballywackfiddle in November is excuse enough for any enormity. I've just told you how matters stand, and know that you'll do the best you can for me. If Laura had only come over with me, everything would have been all right; however, I've applied for a month's leave, and hope to get over to her soon. By Jove! how jolly it will be! Good-by, old boy. I have not answered the O'Growsky yet; I wish kicking was not actionable. Ever yours,

CHARLES GRIFFITHS.

"What asses men are!" was Clements' first thought on reading Charlie's letter; his second—Laura! How reconcile Charlie's commission and his own resolution? But the captain's wits sharpened up with the nearness of the danger, and behold! ere he thought how to do it, the letter lay an accomplished fact in his handwriting by the side of the mutilated goose-quill. This is what he said:

DEAR MRS. GRIFFITHS—I have to go away rather suddenly on business, and fear I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you for a few days. If you should want anything, write to the Club, and I will take care it is attended to. Just received a letter from Charlie; he seems all right, and talks of coming over; perhaps I shall bring him back with me.—Believe me, very truly yours, JOHN CLEMENTS.

"As to the hundred pounds," thought the captain, "I'll lend it to him myself; so he will be safe in any case, and I shall get out of seeing her about it." So he wrote off to Charlie, telling him that sum was placed to his account at Cox's, and that the sooner he came back to his wife the better, as intimacy with the most virtuous of the Miss O'Growsky's sex was, to say the least of it, dangerous, even if it did not culminate, as this intimacy had, in an action for assault. Then he fastened up and directed his letters, and gave them to his servant, with directions to post the one with the stamp, and to deliver the other at Mrs. Griffiths' door; and the letters despatched, he went off to mess for the first time these many nights, determined to forget the last two months, and to ask for a fortnight's leave on the morrow.

Unfortunately, in carrying the letters the stamp on that to Charlie came off. The servant rewetted it to put it on again, but affixed it to the wrong letter, which having deposited in the office, proudly conscious of having done his duty, he trotted off to Waterloo Terrace, and delivered the second letter to Mrs. Griffiths' servant.

Laura was finishing a letter to her husband, in answer to his, just received, and enclosing him the hundred pounds he asked for, when the captain's letter was brought in. "How funny of him to send it to me," she thought, as she read the address: "Captain Griffiths, 110th Regiment, Ballywackfiddle, Co. Galway"—and no stamp on it too. Perhaps it's about the stupid money Charlie wants, and I'm to read what he says, and enclose my own note with it." However, to make sure, she rang the bell, and asked if this was the only letter Captain Clements had sent; but the servant who took it in knew nothing of any other; so Laura decided her thoughts were right, and opened the letter. For some little time she read on quietly enough; then, with a sudden start, sprung to her feet.

"What is this?" she cried excitedly, and almost screamed out the words as she read them.

"You've been a great fool with the girl, and are well out of it for two hundred pounds; but take an older man's advice—keep clear of all Miss O'Growskies and her sex; intimacy with them leads to nothing but trouble, even without such additions as actions for damages at the hand of the injured parent. In your place, you can't afford it. If a hint of the matter came to your wife's ears, I don't believe there are words in the language to induce her to forget it. Pay the money, and come over as soon as you can; you will have a warm welcome; and I don't think Mrs. Griffiths will refuse to return with you, if you only work the thing properly."

Laura's scream burst into a loud metallic laugh, and she crushed the paper in her hands, as if she would squeeze the hateful words from its surface. Then she rang the bell violently, and told her maid to put out her walking-dress and boots, and followed close behind her up-stairs, to see her orders obeyed.

She had crumpled up the odious letter, and had hidden it in her pocket, carefully removing it when she changed her dress. Then she put on a thick, dark-colored shawl, drawing it tightly over her shoulders; and muffled her face in a veil; and, sharply refusing her maid's offer of attendance, told the astonished girl to wait up till she returned; and so left the house. She hurried along the streets, without any one noticing her strangely muffled figure, quickening her pace as she flew along till her walk became almost a run, and she reached the long flight of steps leading to the barracks, breathless. At the bottom was the guard-room, and from its open door a bright gush of firelight came streaming across the flags; while within were rough sounds of merriment and the drunken shouts of the prisoners. Outside, a sentry was standing. He brought his musket down with a sharp rattle as she tried to push past, and gruffly demanded her "pass."

"I have not got one," she said quickly. "Let me pass, please."

"Against orders, miss; you know that as well as I do."

"But I tell you I must. I'm going to see one of the officers."

"Likely enough, miss; but there's my orders on the 'board;' and you won't pass here to-night."

"O dear! O dear! what shall I do?" burst out Laura, half crying with vexation. Then, seeing a sergeant standing in the guard-room door, she went up to him. "I wish to go up to the barracks, sergeant," she said. "I am the wife of Captain Griffiths;" and she raised her veil a little, so that the man could see her face.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the sergeant, as he saw it, springing up to "attention." "Certainly, ma'am. Shall I send a corporal to show you the way?"

But Laura said she knew the way quite well herself; and, thanking him for his civility, passed the terrible sentry, and so up the much-worn steps to the barrack square. Outside the officers' quarters was a group of servants just returned from the mess dinner, and of them she inquired the way to Captain Clements' rooms.

The men grinned, and one of them shouted for the captain's servant to show the young woman up-stairs.

As soon as she was in the room, she raised her veil.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the man; "if it isn't the captain's lady herself! Sure, ma'am, and I hope it's not bad news you're bringing of the captain, the brave darlint?"

But Laura was too far excited to notice his anxiety, and hurried him off sharply with a message to his master, and an injunction not to speak to any one about her visit.

"Mrs. Griffiths!" cried Clements, as his servant delivered the instructions. "Nonsense, man; you've made a mistake. Mrs. Griffiths at this time of night!"

But the man was positive; and so the captain, with a queer feeling of evil coming, took up his cap, and hurried across to his quarters.

Laura was sitting watching for him. She had taken off her veil, and her features glittered with a corpse-like pallor from their setting of crowded black drapery.

"Good God! Mrs. Griffiths, what has brought you here?" cried he, starting back in terror.

"That!" she uttered, extending the crumpled note towards him.

He snatched it from her, and smoothed it out; then, as his eyes fell on the fatal words, the full knowledge of what had happened burst upon him. "What devil's doings brought this into your hands?" and he glared upon her fiercely in the agony of his dread.

But the woman quailed not. Erect and stern, she met his look without a sign; not a muscle moved. It was as if a sudden ice-blast had swept her veins, and changed the living flesh to marble.

"Laura! tell me, answer me, or I shall go mad: who gave you that note?"

"I came to ask you, who?" Her voice was ice, her words sharp as steel.

"'Tis some awful mistake!" he cried, stretching out his hands all imploring towards her. "Charlie! Charlie! what have I done? what have I done?" and he pressed his hands on his burning forehead, as if to shut out his misery.

"I did not come to upbraid *you*, Captain Clements, or even to blame you. The letter was brought me by your servant; I opened it, thinking it was so intended—I see now how I was mistaken. You have done but what any other man would have done. I can find no fault with you; you did your duty—it has failed. I have come here to tell you my duty, which will not fail. Will you sit down and tell me all? The whole cannot be worse than what I know. Come!" Her voice softened to its old well-known sweetness, as she laid her ungloved hand on his shoulder. Oh! that burning touch, lying on him so lightly, yet thrilling every fibre!

He raised his burning head, and gazed long and strangely in her face; then with an effort, as if to free himself from some heavy load, led her to a seat. "Yes; I'll tell you all—the end is no worse than the beginning. I've told you that already. I—I, his friend, have told you that; it's all in the letter here. Perhaps if you read it, you'll think less severely of him, and of me!"

She stretched out her hand for the letter, and read it through so slowly, then folded it, and placed it in her bosom. "Thank you!" she said. "You can tell Captain Griffiths that he may spare himself the promised pleasure so far as I am concerned" (she was alluding to his leave); "I shall never see him again."

"Never!"

"Never!"

There was a long pause. Then Laura put on her veil, and prepared to go. "I fear I must ask an escort," she said, as the captain looked vacantly on; "the sentry might stop me, as he did before."

He got up without a word, and wrapped himself in his greatcoat; and then led her down the stairs into the square, down the well-worn steps, past the watchful sentry, and so into the deserted street. Then she passed her arm through his, and he felt her form clinging to his side, with all her woman's fears awakened, now that the bravery of her outraged womanhood had fled.

Where now were all the captain's stout resolves? Where now his boasted manhood? Every instant, that touch was leading him still further astray from that good company. Every moment, and the sweep of her dress was yet another rivet in the chain that held him from his honor; and he bent down with such an eager wistful look, and pressed her yet closer to himself—striving against those burning words that lay so ready on his lips, and beating back the ever rising conscience-whispers with the fierce determination of his love.

And Laura heard them, unspoken as they were; her woman's instincts all alive to that which she had brought upon him; alive to this—her mad revenge; all dead to her remorse. No; not quite dead to that. As they parted at her door—and it seemed as though the flood-gates of his tongue must be unloosed—she made one effort yet to save him—from himself. Her cause was against her husband—not this other man, for whom no quarrel or cause of anger stood. "Not yet!" she uttered, in so low a tone it seemed but the refrain of his own wild breath—"not yet! the time is not come for that. Not now—not now."

He tried to stay her, to check her words, but she glided from him, and was gone; and his pleadings fell back unanswered in the darkness. A closed door, a dim-lighted street, where, but an instant, had been the idol of his passion—these were the witnesses as the strong man forswore his honor on the altar of his love.

The next day he was at the door again; but Laura sent word she was incapacitated—a headache; and so he was disappointed of his visit, and wandered moodily away. And in truth Laura's headache was not feigned. She had thrown herself on her bed just as she came in, and so passed the night—her weary brain thinking on all through the slow moving hours, her weary body tossing, her weary head aching, as she watched for the hours so lazily spelled out by the old church clock hard by, and wondered how slow the daylight was in growing to its full. And when the day was there, and her maid came in to call her, she was glad to hear her voice, and bade her sit down by the bedside and talk; and then dozed off into a heavy dreamless sleep, which the girl was wise enough not to disturb.

About noon she woke, and gave her orders that no one was to be admitted, not even the captain; and dressed herself hurriedly, avoiding, when possible, her glass, as if she were ashamed to look herself in the face; and so went down in the breakfast-room, to eke out the dull day as best she could. It was growing dusk when the captain's knock came, and she started up, and listened with such a piteous, fearful look, pressing back her dark hair, as if to catch the faintest sound. Then, as the door closed, she sank back with a low moaning cry, the cry of a woman's weakness sorely tried—a cry for help that would not come. Then she roused herself, and opening her writing-desk, took out the check she had written, and placing it with the captain's letter in an envelope, fastened it up, and sent it off to post. She was like one hurrying on in the darkness from some passing danger, who finds, all unexpectedly, a precipice in front; behind, the way is dark and threatening; before is the abyss, its depths unknown, its perils unseen; to draw back is impossible, to proceed is death. Alone, she stands on the brink she has conjured up, and alone must she penetrate its dangers. No friendly arm is there to hold her back, no wise counsellor to say how rash—how dreadful is the fatal step. She had but few friends, and the few she had, she had been at no pains to keep. Strong in herself alone, self-reliant on her own age, her own resources, Laura Griffiths had walked her walk in life with head erect, and had flung away but scanty seeds of friendship by the wayside. Now, every hour with herself, dulled and blunted with excess of pride, of jealousy, added yet another fragment to the anger which she nourished; piling up thought upon thought, and memory upon memory, till the good in her was cast out, and she lay crushed and helpless under her load of misery. And so the day stole to an end, and Laura crept up to bed, sick and weary of her loneliness, to hide herself from the one being she feared of all the world—herself.

And thus her days ran on.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Dr. Southey says "the talebearer and the talebearer should be both hanged up back to back, only the one by the tongue and the other by the ear."

☞ WALKER.—A Canadian paper expresses its surprise at the fact that more than a dozen offers of marriage have been lately made to a "learned girl in Montreal who has lost both legs above the knee." The reason is obvious. In these times a fellow is naturally on the look-out for a wife who can't run through his money. Besides, when he makes her an offer he is not called on to lay his heart and fortune at her feet.

☞ A correspondent under the head "strange," asks how it is that in all advertisements for culinary assistance "Plain Cooks" only are required, and pretty ones never sought. He seems to forget that advertisements for servants come not from the gentleman but from the lady of the house. If he can't see the reason now, he had better go and put his thinking apparatus under a Nasmyth's steam hammer in full work, for in its present state it could be of no use either to himself or the world at large.

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"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ "Rarer than the phœnix," says De Quincy, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote because it is a lie."

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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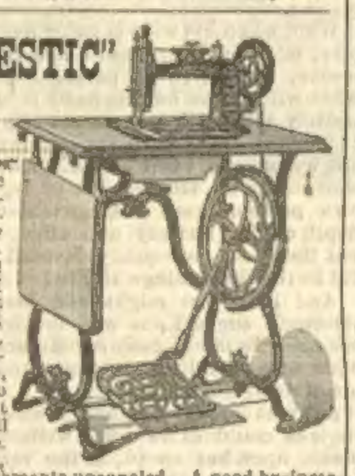

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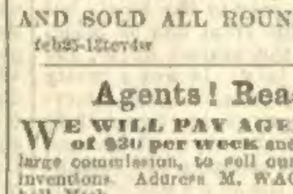

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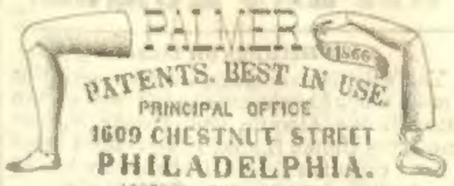

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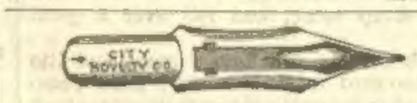

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Josh Billings on Hotels.

You will discover the following description a mild one of about nine hotels out of ten between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, across the United States, in a straight line.

Your room is thirteen feet nine inches by nine feet seven inches, parallelogramly.

The carpet is ingrain—ingrained with the dust, kerosene oil and ink spots of four generations.

There is two pegs in the room to hitch coats onto—one of them broke off, and the other pulled out and missing.

The bureau has three legs and one brick.

The glass on the bureau swings on two pivots, which have lost their grip.

There is one towel on the rack, thin but wet. The rain water in the pitcher came out of the well.

The soap is as tough to wear as a whetstone. It is scented with cinnamon oil and variegated with spots.

There is three chairs, cane-seaters; one is a rocker, and all three is busted.

There is a match-safe—empty.

There is no curtain to the window, and there don't want to be any. You can't see out, and who can see in?

The bell-rope is come off about six inches this side of the ceiling.

The bed is a modern slat-bottom, with two mattresses, one cotton, and one husk, and both harder and about as thick as a sea biscuit.

You enter the bed sidways, and can feel every slat at once as easy as you could the ribs of a gridiron.

The bed is inhabited.

You sleep some, but roll over a good deal.

For breakfast you have a gong, and Rio coffee too cold to melt butter; fried potatoes, which resemble chips that a two-inch auger makes in its journey through an oak log.

Bread, solid; beefsteak, about as thick as a blister plaster, and as tough as a hound's ear.

Table covered with plates, a few scared-to-death pickles on one of them, and six fly-indorsed crackers on the other.

A pewterinkum caster with three bottles in it, one without any pepper in it, one without any mustard, and one with two inches of drowned flies and some vinegar in it.

Servant girl, with hoops on, hangs around you earnestly, and wants to know if you want another cup of coffee.

You say "No, ma'am, I thank you," and push back your chair.

You havent eat enough to pay for picking your teeth.

An Obtuse Witness.

During a recent hearing before a Philadelphia alderman it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef, two hogs and one sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued:

Counsel—"State to the jury *how long* it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."

Witness—"Now I shoost cand dell dat. I dinke 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."

Counsel—"You don't understand me. *How long was it* from the time the meat left the store and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

Witness—"Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas back up mit der sidevalk, and dat's *shoost so long as it was.* You dell me how long der sidevalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

Counsel—"I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly) *how—long*—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

Witness—"O! dat! Well, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinke 'bout dree feet." (Here the spectators and his honor smiled audibly.) "I know not, shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, so good as I know."

Counsel—"Look here, I want to know *how long it was* before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"

Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel)—"Now you try and get me in a schrape. *Dat meat was shoost so long in der vagon as he was in der shop.* Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't get much longer in den dousan' year, not mooch."

Counsel—"That will do—" giving it up in disgust.

OH, NO!—"John Rouse, why wilt thou do so?" This was said by Thomas Hazard, one of New Bedford's substantial Quaker merchants to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, and that, not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? thou always gets caught." "Why, Massa Hazzard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."

AN ABSURD MISTAKE.—A rich but ignorant lady of Boston, who was ambitious that her conversation should be up to the transcendental style, in speaking of a friend, said:—"He is a *paragram* of politeness!" "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her, "but do you mean a parallelogram?" "Of course I meant a parallelogram," replied the ambitious lady, "how could I have made such a mistake?" She meant a paragon.

A STRANGE SECT.—"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife: "a sect of women philosophers has sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strongest thing in the world," said he; "their tongues."

TWO TRAVELLERS, stopping at a Des Moines hotel, came near losing their lives, by blowing out the gas on retiring to bed. One of them, when asked if he smelt anything wrong, said yes, but he thought it was the other fellow's breath.

A NEGRO once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor eb our State. He come in wid very little opposition: he go out wid none at all."

COMING EVENTS ON THE SCHUYLKILL: A FEW AQUATIC SUGGESTIONS.

Marie Harcourt's Resolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARY A. G. DOWNEY.

So, Godfrey, my old boy, you did not break that handsome arm of yours for nothing, judging by all Madam Rumor says about it. Now confess that you are only flirting with that pretty country girl, nothing more; out with it, old friend; no secrets between us, you know.

"Only flirting;" no by jove that's not the term; yet, seriously, Hal, I think I like her very much; she has been so kind, so attentive to me all along. I tell you, old fellow, it was a siege. But you know Hal, she is only a country girl with a pretty face and figure, and no accomplishments, and I could not in justice to myself and my position in society, make her my wife, although I would prefer her to all the heartless belles in Christendom.

"Spoken like a man," answered Hal Clifford, slapping him good naturedly on the shoulder, "spoken like a man, although a dear little soul like Marie, who would love you devotedly, nurse you in sickness, kiss away the frown on your brow, make your home comfortable and happy, is worth a dozen fashionable belles; yet one is not always at home, and Mrs. Godfrey Thornton and Mrs. Harry Clifford must know how to manage an evening or sumptuous dinner party, spend their husband's money handsomely, be the best dressed ladies at Mrs. Grundy's ball, and have the most conspicuous boxes at the Opera; ha, ha, Godfrey, how is that?"

"Just so," said Thornton with a faint smile; he was the only son of a New York millionaire, with more money than was really necessary for a young man with youth and health on his side. Clifford was his college chum holding the same position in society. They had concluded to spend this Summer at some quiet little country town enjoying the scenery, fishing, &c., uninterrupted by fashion and folly, and they had found just such a cosy nook in Elmwood, and were making the most of the fishing and hunting, when one day while they were out hunting, Godfrey's gun accidentally discharged while he was leaping over a fence, and shattered his left arm shockingly. They were on their way to the hotel, but Godfrey became faint from loss of blood, and was carried to the nearest house, the home of an elderly lady. It was a pretty vine-embowered cottage with roses, honeysuckles and running vines scattering their delicate perfumes to the wayward breezes, and blushingly acknowledging the compliments given them by the merry singing birds who built their nests and lived so happily in the great strong branches of the old elms standing so proudly in the front yard; but the sweetest flower of all, was charming little Marie Harcourt with her sunny golden hair flowing in soft silken ringlets, just playfully reaching down to her little tapering waist; two diamond eyes sparkled and danced under the delicately arched eyebrows; her rosy pouting lips were always teazing you for a kiss, and the fairest rose could not vie with her soft dimpled cheeks. Such was old Mrs. Harcourt's niece, and the little country girl the young men were just talking about. All through the long hours that Godfrey suffered, unable to move, Marie was with him fanning his beautiful white brow, and laying so tenderly the soft brown curls aside, filling the room with the choicest flowers, and singing to him in her rich full voice the songs he loved to hear. What happy hours they were, flying by on swiftest wings while Marie was learning to love her handsome patient; and when he was almost well, she would nestle her pretty head fondly on his bosom, while he poured into her enraptured ears love's sweetest words.

But we must return to the afternoon when Hal and his friend are conversing, quietly smoking their rich Havanas on the piazza. Sitting in the arbor, in the deep shadows of a vine, Marie was an unwilling listener to their conversation. The rich blood mounted to her cheeks, and her little white hands clasped tightly as she whispered through her closed teeth: "So, Mr. Thornton, I am no companion for you, and your passionate words of love were nought but idle dreams," and she vowed while tear drops fell on cheek and lips that before many years had passed he would sue for the love he now so carelessly cast aside.

"Dear auntie," said Marie, addressing Mrs. Harcourt that evening, "I've resolved to fit myself for a teacher. I will take the few hundred dollars left me by my father and start day after to-morrow for Easton Seminary; don't, please don't offer any objections. It is for my good and your sake, auntie; we will be rich yet, won't we?" and the beautiful, impulsive girl threw her arms around Mrs. Harcourt, kissing her pale and faded cheeks passionately.

It was a beautiful sunny morning that Marie was to leave her home for the first time. As she passed the parlor the door was thrown open, and reclining on a crimson lounge was Godfrey Thornton, he was pale, yet beautiful, and lay asleep after his early morning walk. Marie paused; her impulse was to throw her arms around him, and press burning kisses upon his beautiful lips and brow. Oh, how much she loved him, now as she was about to leave him; one white hand was supporting his handsome head, dark clustering curls fell gracefully over the open brow, and a luxuriant moustache covered the proud lips. Marie stood admiring the noble form of him she loved, and yet he was the one, who, though loving her, would thrust her aside for some heartless woman who would bring him wealth and a name; then came a struggle between pride and love, the former conquered, and an hour after she coolly took leave of Thornton. He was much surprised at her sudden departure, and an earnest observer would have detected the inward struggle in his proud heart.

The parting was over, Marie left Thornton at Elmwood and sought the academic halls at B——, and that night, as she sat weeping alone in her chamber, she resolved that Godfrey should yet sue for her hand and be proud to claim her as his wife, but she would refuse him.

"I say, Godfrey, there is a brilliant star in the reading world. She reads to-night at J—— Hall, somehow I've a slight curiosity to hear and see her, will you go?" The speaker was Hal Clifford, he was in Thornton's office, some three years after we saw them last in Marie's cosy home at Elmwood; but little change was visible in their countenance, both were still young and handsome, and not yet married.

"Yes, yes, Hal, by-the-way I feel rather blue. Do you remember the summer we spent at Elmwood? Well, to-day I came across a likeness of pretty Marie Harcourt, and I've been dreaming of the delightful times we enjoyed while there. I would like to know what became of petite Marie."

"Married to some rustic young farmer," thoughtlessly answered his companion. "I will call for you in the evening. Au revoir," and the handsome millionaire was walking quickly up Broadway to the lively tune of "Captain Jinks."

The hall was crowded, the audience select, and Miss Clinton, the distinguished elocutionist was before them. Tall, beautiful and *distingue*, she won them all with her peerless grace and beauty before she had uttered a word, and when they heard the rich, young voice, so full of music and pathos, every heart was stirred and throbbed with emotion, and bouquets of the richest flowers were thrown in profusion at her feet. Among the crowded throng her piercing eyes noticed the handsome face of Hal Clifford; a bitter smile played round her beautiful mouth for an instant, and a flash of triumph shot from her magnificent eyes as she saw the enthusiastic look he cast upon her, and a handsome bouquet dropped at her feet, thrown from his elegantly gloved hand. The reading and lecture-going community were delirious over the beautiful and talented Miss Clinton. Clifford adored her, sought and obtained an introduction, boasted of her acquaintance to his most aristocratic friends, and toasted her at his club-rooms over his costly wines.

In the meantime Thornton was absent on important business. Clifford wrote, begging him to come and see Miss Clinton, as he was going to propose immediately, and he was all impatience to learn his friend's opinion. Thornton returned to the city, and with his friend, were shown into the private parlor of the gifted young genius. From that moment Clifford and Thornton became rivals for the hand of Miss Clinton—both would meet there at the same time, and both were still as intimate. A few weeks after Thornton's return, Clifford was taken suddenly ill, with a lingering fever. Now was Thornton's opportunity to win the beautiful woman, and he resolved to know his fate. It was late in the afternoon when he sought her. She was sitting by the open window, the sunlight stealing through the silken curtains, fell on her golden curls, brightening her face, and making her look wondrous beautiful. One white, jeweled hand, was resting among the folds of her rich robe, the other supporting her beautiful head. Thornton was announced, and soon shown into her room. He fell on his knees, taking her small, white hand in his, he confessed his love, earnestly pleading for its return, and laying his future happiness and welfare at her feet.

Miss Clinton drew her hand from his, and in a low tone, requested him to rise, motioning him to a seat beside her. There was a touch of sadness in her rich, musical voice, as she answered, quietly—

"Mr. Thornton, you now ask for the love you once spurned. You won it in all its freshness—and I gave it to you freely; but you scorned the love of a 'pretty country girl,' because she had no accomplishments worthy the wife of Godfrey Thornton. You have supposed me a stranger. Mr. Thornton, you see before you, Marie Harcourt."

Thornton was speechless—and he now for the first time, saw in the beautiful being before him, the delicate form of Marie, molded into the perfect woman; the soft blue eyes of the girl were flashing now, showing the depths of the woman's soul within, and the slight girlish form was now expanded into the tall, queenly woman.

"Godfrey," she continued, "I loved you passionately, with the ardor of my whole soul, and I believed you loved me as truly in return. Earth had become a paradise to me until the fatal day I heard you and Clifford speak my name in the arbor—I was an unwilling listener, but my eyes were opened. Godfrey, I suffered much. I would not risk that pain again. I buried my love, and vowed never to love again. I left home for school—became in time, a teacher in the Seminary; and a leading member of the school, hearing me read, advised me to come before the public. I gave several readings. You know my success thus far. Recently I received a large fortune from a deceased uncle in Europe. I shall live in retirement, doing what good I can to others; but the vow I made three years ago, I shall never break."

In vain Thornton pleaded, making many excuses for his boyish pride; but Marie was resolute; and as she had taken the name of Clinton before entering on her public career, she still retained it, admired and beloved by a large circle of friends.

The Beginning of Quarrels.

"It is enough to provoke a saint!" said an impetuous husband, when dressing in a hurry, after carefully twisting all the studs into the bosom, on finding the collar button gone. "Why don't you see to it that the loose buttons are fastened, and those missing are sewed on?"

"Well, I'm sure it is a very small matter, and you needn't be making such a terrible fuss about it!"

"Small matter, indeed! So a cinder or a grain of sand in the eye, is a small matter; and next thing to having a splinter in your eye, is having no buttons on one's shirt."

"You can desist from your raging nonsense," was the response.

So the wrathy husband, finding this second retort from his irritating wife too much for his manly forbearance, flings his linen in the face of his spouse, and thus a a mortal quarrel is inaugurated, and ends by their not speaking for six months, and his having to sew on the missing buttons; without the satisfaction of letting off his wrath through that safety valve, a scolding tongue.

Now, young married people, in the midst of their honeymoon, or the betrothed, while experiencing all that elysium of self-abnegation incident to the early plighting, will put all this down as ridiculous in a superlative degree, and among the impossible possibilities; but they will find out, ere long, that much more of happiness is to be fastened on with the well fastened buttons, than by even the deeds of bravery and heroism which are offered to few, and then can be done only on great and rare occasions.

Who, when his wife is going over a precipice, or drowning, would not rush to the rescue, regardless of personal peril? Or, what wife, when her husband is brought in, terribly wounded, from a railway accident, or when stricken with typhoid fever, would not watch and exercise patience, as only a woman can do, sinking out of sight all her own personal ease and convenience in the depth of her anxiety and affection? Why not then both be equally devoted and careful in the little things of life?

And here you might add more than a thousand suggestions and incidents which are possible in our daily experience. Life is filled with the little things which make or break domestic happiness.

A great ocean steamer, whose powerful engines could drive her, with scarcely a break upon her speed, in the very teeth of a gale, was brought to a long and dangerous pause in mid-ocean by a handful of sand thrown by a mischievous boy into the trunnion-plate of the shaft. Grinding, heat, and threatened fire were the result, besides the long delay, and the aggravated tossing of a helpless ship upon the waves.

We infer that a little sand in the machinery, instead of oil, is worse than the assaults of the worst storm without.

EYES.

A gray eye
Is still and sly;
A roguish,
Is the brown;
The eye of blue
Is ever true;
But, in the black eye's
Sparkling spell,
Mystery
And mischief dwell!

EAR MARKS.—A favorite English amusement just now is to examine the ears of the people one meets, in order to discover whether they bear the "mark of the beast" which Darwin has discovered. He says that the pointed tip of the ear of our monkey progenitors is inherited by not a few men, only considerably disguised; in fact, quite different from the pointed ears of fawns and satyrs. It may be detected in the rim of the ear and about one-quarter of the distance from the top, where there is sometimes found a considerable enlargement of the rim, making an obtuse point turned inward.

THERE ARE MANY SUCH ABOUT.—A physician said of a quack that "he was such an ignoramus that if he could take a lantern and go down inside his patient, he couldn't find out what the matter was."

☞ The editor of a Western paper in his last issue says: "We cannot exist any longer on firewood, maple sugar, and sheepskins. We bid our patrons good-by, and offer for sale 200 bushels seed potatoes, slightly frost bitten."

AGRICULTURAL.

Salt for Animals on the Farm.

We continue to see in our various exchanges plans to tempt the appetite of our domestic animals, by mixing salt with their food. Musty hay, and other unpalatable and innutritious food, it is said, is thus readily eaten. Decayed and decaying vegetables, rye straw, etc., are palmed off upon the cows, who deserve better treatment and more intelligent management. All live stock are fond of salt; it promotes appetite and health. Refuse material, not fit for food, and which otherwise would not be touched, is greedily eaten *for the sake of the salt.* This we consider rather hard usage, and we repeat what we have often stated before, that all live stock should have a lump of rock salt, accessible at all times, in the barn yard, the horse-trough, the cow-shed, and "every other place where animals most do congregate." By thus having it wherever and as often as they want it, they will never take more than natural appetite prompts, and the obvious effects of taking too much salt at one time will always be *avoided.*

Musty hay, rye straw and decayed vegetables will then go to their appropriate place, the barn-yard, to make manure.—*Practical Farmer.*

Selecting Fruit Trees.

Great mistakes are frequently made in selecting trees from the nursery; trees of poor quality are purchased for the reason that they are cheap, and the argument is used that they will do about as well in the end. Now it is more economical to make a journey of twenty miles and purchase the best trees in a good nursery and pay thirty or even forty cents, than to have very indifferent ones brought to the field as a gift.

Items.

—A wet May makes plenty of hay.

—A well-constructed line of drains supplies an unfailing barometer—for, before a fall of rain, a drain which previously was discharging no water, will often run a stream the size of a rye straw, showing the increased amount of moisture in the atmosphere.

—The dairy, including cheese-making, is the basis of profitable farming in the Middle and Eastern states.

—No garden should be considered too small for a few currant bushes; a few well trained plants will supply an ordinary family the year through.

—The well fed, well protected animal is rarely sick; if it is sick, careful treatment usually restores it to health.

—The cucumber requires a deep and rich soil, an abundance of moisture and continued heat. Its nature is to support itself by its tendrils in an upright position upon pieces of brushwood, in which manner the cleanest and best fruits are thus obtained.

—No manure should come in contact with the roots of newly-planted trees; but, when needed, it must be cultivated in from the surface.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 8, 1, 8, 14, is a flower, signifying purity.
My 14, 13, 17, is a tree, signifying sorrow.
My 10, 18, 27, 19, 11, 20, is a sweet flower, signifying love.
My 12, 1, 33, 29, is an herb, signifying virtue.
My 25, 16, 20, 8, 26, 18, 23, is a plant, signifying good-nature.
My 19, 26, 12, 7, 23, is a blossom, signifying desertion.
My 11, 20, 12, is a tree, signifying dignity.
My 23, 26, 29, 20, 8, 11, is a plant, signifying slander.
My whole is one of the meanings of the Maiden's Blush Rose. ROB ROY.

Word Square.

A circle.
A thought.
Clean.
A kind of door.
The words can be spelled both down and across. EDW. F. MADDEN.

Arithmetical Progression Problem.

The towns of C and D are known to be 60 miles apart from each other. Two travellers A and B, start out together at the same time from the former named town to perform a journey to the latter named town. Both travel the same road. A goes at the rate of 3 miles each hour, never slacking or increasing his speed the whole way. B starts out at the rate of only 2 miles per hour, but increases his speed in such an even, continual and regular arithmetical progression, that he passes A with the end of the tenth hour. Now, supposing B continues to increase his speed in the same increasing progression, in what length of time before A will he arrive at the place of destination?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does the sun rise in the east? Ans.—Because the (y) east makes everything rise.

☞ When was the first sleighing on record? Ans.—The *extreme coldness* between Cain and Abel gave rise, we believe, to the first *sleighing* on record!

☞ Why was the giant Goliah very much a-stone-ished when David hit him with a stone? Ans.—Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

☞ What sport is like girls' gossip? Ans.—Deer-stalking.

☞ Who first introduced walking-sticks? Ans.—Eve gave Adam a little Cain.

☞ Why is the French cook to Queen Victoria like a man sitting on the top of St. Paul's? Ans.—Because they are both in a high cool an' airy (culinary) situation.

☞ State the difference between a grocer selling a pound of sugar, and an apothecary's boy with a pestle and mortar. One weighs a pound, the other pounds away.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—A stitch in time saves nine.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

B	BANNER	R
O	OPERA	A
A	ASCETIC	C
T	TEMPERANCE	E

CHARADE.—Plaintiff. (Plain-Tiff.)

RECEIPTS.

A PLAIN OMELET.—Break six eggs into a basin, rejecting the whites of two; beat them till they are light. Strain them through a sieve, and season them with pepper and salt, or sugar, according as a savory or sweet omelet may be desired. Melt in the pan a piece of butter about the size of a small walnut; be careful that it does not get hot. Whisk the eggs to the latest moment, and pour the mixture into the pan; stir the omelet gently with a spoon till it begins to thicken, then slip a little more butter beneath it. Shake the pan until the centre of the omelet begins to set; fold it in half, place a dish on the top of the pan, and turn the omelet out. Send it immediately to table.

OMELETTE A LA CREPPE.—Put into a basin eight tablespoonfuls of flour; beat six eggs into it, with as much milk as will make it into a batter, with a pinch of salt. Bake till brown.

OMELETTE AU JAMBON.—Break eight eggs into a frying-pan, season and fry them over a sharp fire, but adding two ounces of lean, cooked ham, minced and chopped. Serve with brown gravy.